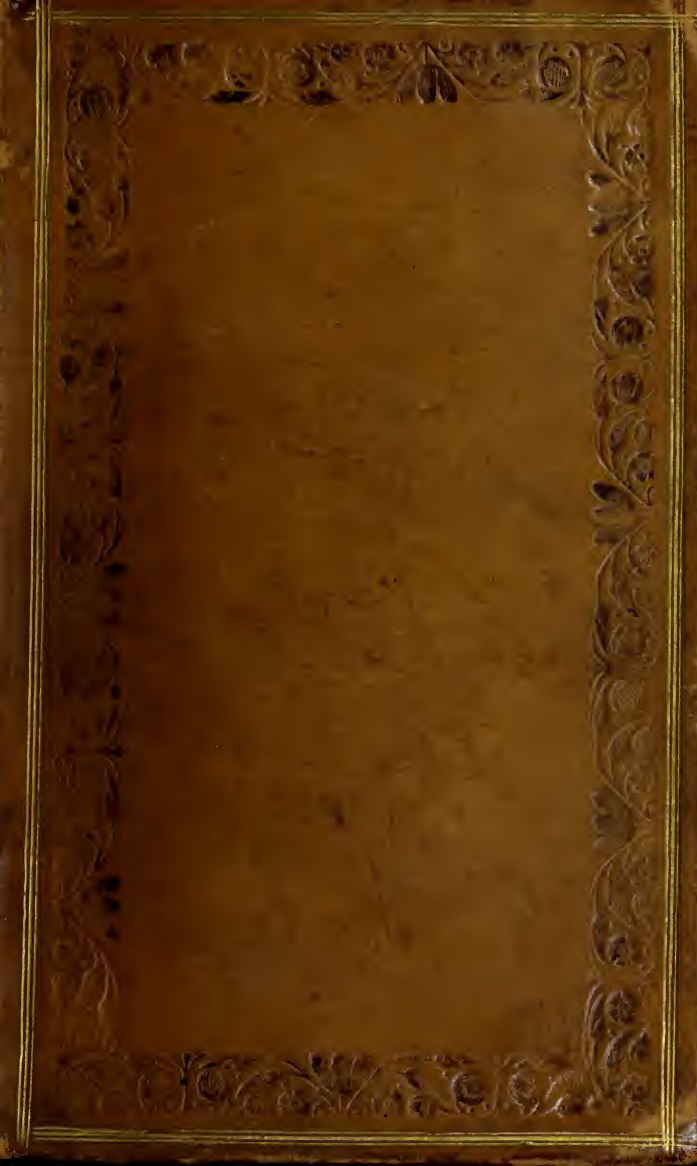
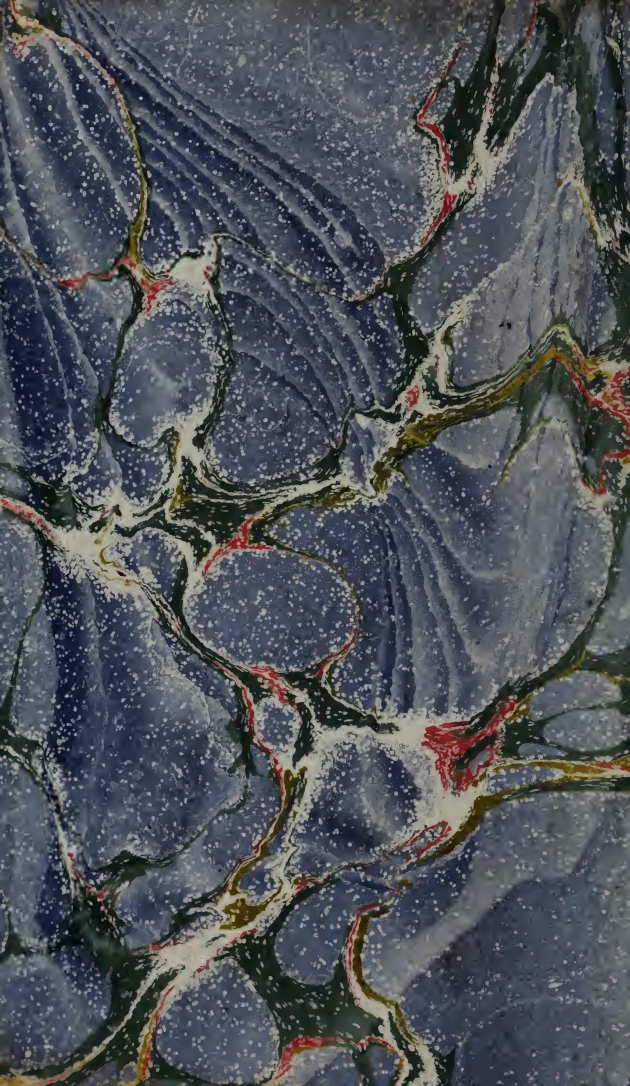
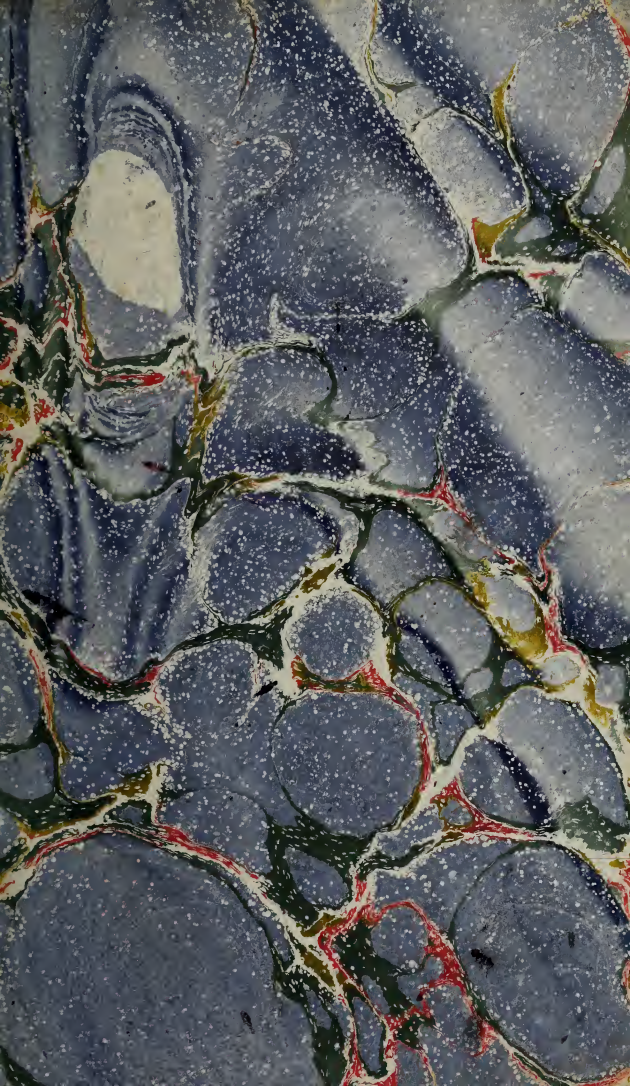
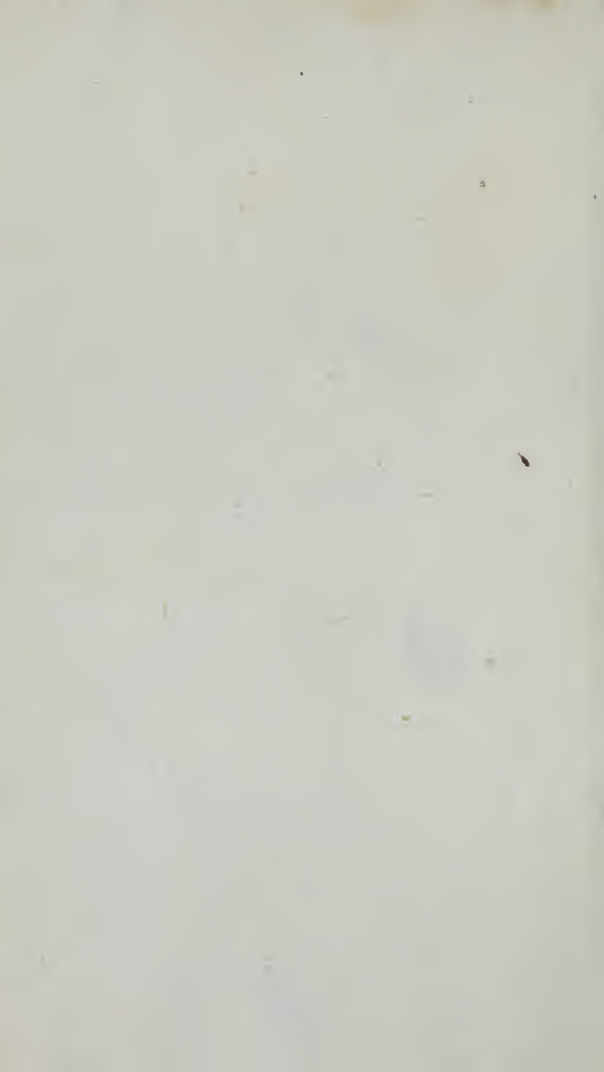










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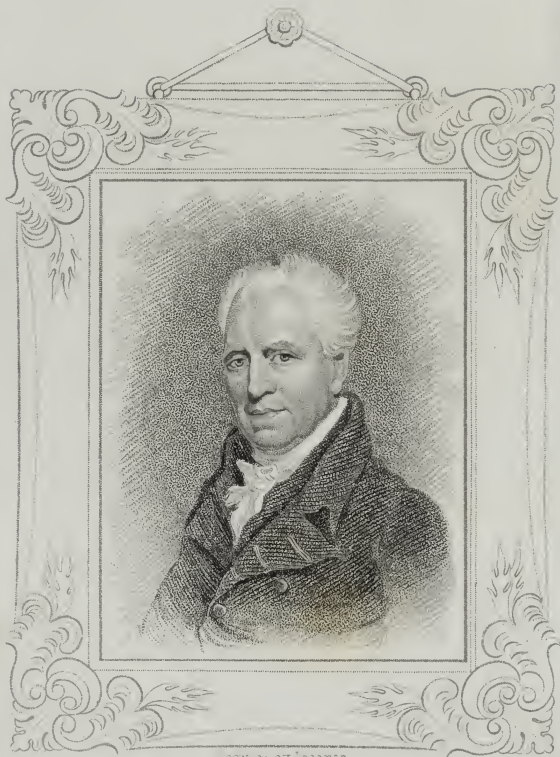






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REV. GEO. CRABBE, L.L.B.

THE
BEAUTIES OF THE POETS,
Moral and Sentimental,

SELECTED

FROM THE MOST ADMIRABLE AUTHORS.

BY

JAMES ELY TAYLOR.

—If the quiet study of the heart,
And humble love of Nature's every grace
Have not deceived me—these have power to impart
Feelings and thoughts, well worthy of a place
In every bosom.——

Bernard Barton.

London :

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN presenting this volume to the public, the editor cannot refrain from advertizing to the favourable reception of the volumes already published on this plan, comprising the classes of *Satirical and Humorous*, and *Lyric and Elegiac Poetry*. This success may be ascribed chiefly to the sources whence the materials have been drawn; to the number of beautiful pieces from the pens of the most distinguished poets of the present day, selected from volumes which, from their expensiveness, or other causes, were inaccessible to the general reader; to the introduction of several anonymous productions of first-rate talent which have appeared in various respectable periodical publications; and to the preservation of some valuable poems which from the neglect of their authors had become scarce. In the selection and arrangement, the editor has endeavoured to gra-

tify the diversities of taste by giving the greatest possible variety in the respective classes.

Although it was an object of the compiler that each class should be comprised in a volume, complete in itself, and which might be purchased separately, yet he believes few lovers of Poetry but will avail themselves of the opportunity which this compilation, in its collective form, presents, of enriching their intellectual stores by the contemplation of the genuine Spirit of Poesy which pervades a large proportion of the pieces in every class,

‘ From grave to gay ; from lively to severe.’

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POEMS,

Moral and Sentimental.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

From impression ariseth expression. *Francis.*

ART thou returned again? The lab'ring breast,
The full and swelling soul, the throbbing brain,
Are signs of thee; by these wert thou confess'd
In the fierce glow of summer, in the wane
Of autumn, in the cloud and hurricane
Of winter, and the changeful dawn of spring.
Thou art return'd, for fancy wakes the strain;
And as I bend me to her summoning,
Thy spell is o'er me cast, thy visions round me cling.

Whence, and what art thou? I have felt thy power
When my soul wish'd not for thee. I have sought,
And found thee not. In life's aspiring hour,
Court'd and worship'd, to my youthful thought
No utterance thou gavest. I had wrought
The chaplet for my fair one; I had strung
The rosary of hope, and love had taught
My heart love's rhetoric; yet never hung
Thy charm upon my lips, thy numbers on my tongue.

I courted thee no longer, for the tomb
Made havoc of my hopes, and I became
The sport and prey of sorrow; but in gloom
And solitude, in misery and shame,
In every feeling that unnerves the frame,
Thy impulse was upon me: then arose
My first and rude attempt; then didst thou claim
Thy long rejected suppliant, and disclose
In simple humble strain the descant of his woes.

Simple, but not unmeaning; the full heart
Hath language of its own; no gay conceit,
No boyish declamation held a part
In that sad strain, nor did the mourner beat
With frantic hand his bosom: but his feet
Ne'er fail'd in their due office; to the tomb
They bore him all unheeding. His lone seat
Was ever there, its solitude and gloom
Were loveliness to him. It was Eliza's tomb.

Eliza's! my Eliza's! there she lay,
And there I laid me silent and alone;
There knelt, there wept, upon the senseless clay
There call'd in low and suffocating tone.
Is grief forbidden? Did my feeble moan
Disturb her, that they tore me from her side?
Eliza lay beneath that lonely stone,
And I but wish'd to rest me by my bride:
Why was that boon withheld—my only wish denied?

They bade me bear my sorrows. I did strive
And grapple with calamity and death;
Became but as the form of one alive,
The semblance of a man. I drew my breath

Like one, to whom the insulting foeman
saith,
'Lo ! thy last moment ;' but anon my brain
Grew torpid as the child's that slumbereth :
Anon, 'twas fire and madness, and again
Thy spell was on my soul in wild impassion'd
strain.

I shook thee off, and to the brawling stream,
The silent glen, I hurried me away.
I fought with fate, for on my troubled dream
The past return'd in agony : thy sway
Relax'd not, till at last the cheerful day
Was as the night ; one dread unearthly hue
Came on the face of all things, and I lay
Full in thy presence. Was that vision true ?
Didst thou possess the mind, or madness cheat the
view ?

I know not, and I care not. There is joy
In deep delusion : wherefore should the wise
Recall my thoughts to truth's severe annoy,
And hold her painful mirror to my eyes ?
As dear to me as aught I now may prize,
Each visionary gleam or touch of thine,
All idle fancies that unbidden rise.
As dear to me as aught that can be mine,
The wild and wand'ring thought, the rude and un-
taught line.

I will not, cannot fly thee ; thou must be
As present on the full and noisy mart,
As in the desert ; upon plain or sea,
On wold or mountain, of myself be part.

I cannot fly thee : round this widow'd heart
 Cling, if thou wilt, but spare thy wearied slave :
 Exert thy nobler power, thy gentler art ;
 Bid the vain world resume whate'er it gave,
 But speak of brighter hopes, of bliss beyond the
 grave.

THE VANITY OF FAME,

As vapours from the marsh's miry bed
 Ascend, and gathering on the mountain head
 Spread their long train in splendid pomp on high ;
 Now o'er the vales in awful grandeur lour,
 Now flashing, thundering down the trembling sky,
 Rive the rough oak, or dash th' aspiring tower :
 Then, melting down in rain,
 Drop to their base original again ;
 Thus earth-born heroes, the proud sons of praise,
 Awhile on Fortune's airy summit blaze,
 The world's fair peace confound,
 And deal dismay and death and ruin round,
 Then back to earth these idols of an hour
 Sink on a sudden, and are known no more.

Where is each boasted favourite of Fame,
 Whose wide expanded name
 Fill'd the loud echoes of the world around,
 While shore to shore return'd the lengthen'd sound ?
 The warriors where, who, in triumphal pride,
 With weeping Freedom to the chariot tied,
 To glory's Capitolian temple rode ?
 In undistinguish'd dust together trod,

Victors and vanquish'd mingle in the grave ;
Worms prey upon the mouldering god,
Nor know a Cæsar from his slave ;
In empty air their mighty deeds exhale,
A schoolboy's wonder, or an evening tale.

In vain with various arts they strive
To keep their little names alive ;
Bid to the skies th' ambitious tower ascend ;
The cirque its vast majestic length extend ;
Bid arcs of triumph swell their graceful round ;
Or mausoleums load th' encumber'd ground ;
Or sculpture speak in animated stone
Of vanquish'd monarchs tumbled from the throne ;
The rolling tide of years,
Rushing with strong and steady current, bears
The pompous piles with all their fame away,
To black Oblivion's sea ;
Deep in whose dread abyss the glory lies
Of empires, ages, never more to rise !

Where's now imperial Rome,
Who erst to subject kings denounced their doom,
And shook the sceptre o'er a trembling world ?
From her proud height by force barbarian hurl'd !
Now, on some broken capital reclined,
The sage of classic mind
Her awful relics views with pitying eye,
And o'er departed grandeur heaves a sigh ;
Or fancies, wandering in his moonlight walk,
The prostrate fanes and mouldering domes among,
He sees the mighty ghosts of heroes stalk
In melancholy majesty along ;
Or pensive hover o'er the ruins round,

Their pallid brows with faded laurel bound ;
While Cato's shade seems scornful to survey
A race of slaves, and sternly strides away.

Where old Euphrates winds his storied flood,
The curious traveller explores in vain
The barren shores and solitary plain,
Where erst majestic Babel's turret stood !
All vanish'd from the view her proud abodes,
Her walls, and brazen gates, and palaces of gods !
A shapeless heap o'erspreads the dreary space,
Of mingled piles an undistinguish'd mass :
There the wild tenants of the desert dwell :
The serpent's hiss is heard, the dragon's yell !
And doleful howlings o'er the waste affright
And drive afar the wanderers of the night.

Yet, 'tis Divinity's implanted fire
Which bids the soul to glorious heights aspire :
Enlarge her wishes, and extend her sight
Beyond this little life's contracted round,
And wing her eagle flight
To grandeur, fame, and bliss beyond a bound.
Ambition's ardent hopes, and golden dreams
Her towering madness, and her wild extremes,
Unfold this sacred truth to Reason's eye,
That ' Man was made for Immortality.'

Yes, friend ! let noble deeds and noble aims
To distant ages consecrate our names,
That when these tenements of crumbling clay
Are dropp'd to dust away,
Some worthy monument may still declare
To future times, ' We were !'

Not such as mad Ambition's votaries raise
Upon the driving sand of vulgar praise;
But with its firm foundation laid
On Virtue's adamantine rock,
That to the skies shall lift its towering head
Superior to the surge's shock.
Plann'd like a Memphian pyramid sublime,
Rising majestic on its ample base,
By just degrees, and with a daring grace,
Erect, unmoved amid the storms of time!

Of time! no, that's a period too confined
To fill th' unbounded mind,
Which o'er the barrier leaps of added years,
Of ages, eras, and revolving spheres,
And leaves the flight of numbers still behind.
When the loud clarion's dreadful roll
Shall rend the globe from pole to pole;
When worlds and systems sink in fire,
And Nature, Time, and Death expire;
In the bright records of the sky
Shall virtue see her honours shine;
Shall see them blazing round the sacred shrine
Of bless'd Eternity.

H. Moore.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;

Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good!

How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows;
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'ful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let Hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.

Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy;
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy;
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rust'ling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd ca-
price,

Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth, unlov'd, without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of
laws,

And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe!
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;

How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more :
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicat'or flies,
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place ;
And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold ;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine :
The form distorted, justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foe's doom, or guard her fav'rite's zeal ?
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings ;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand ;
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows ;

Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length the sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate,
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace
repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be
thine?

Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;

Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion* trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet, should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain:
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise.
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.
See nations, slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;

* There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it. To prevent so shocking an accident it was pulled down many years since.

See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent ;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block ;
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world ;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine ;
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;
'This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till Fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name ;
And mortgag'd states their grandsire's wreaths re-
gret,

From age to age in everlasting debt !
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right con-
vey

To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain :
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field :

Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain;

'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till nought remain,

'On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
'And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'

The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost!
He comes, nor want, nor cold his course delay;—

Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:

The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands;

Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not chance at length her error mend?

Did no subverted empire mark his end?

Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?

Or hostile millions press him to the ground?

His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,

A petty fortress, and a dubious hand:

He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.

In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,

With half mankind embattled at his side,

Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,

And starves exhausted regions in his way;

Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,

Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;

Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still be-
stow'd,

Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe ;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast,
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway ;
Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful
charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war ;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom ;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days !
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays :
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy :
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r ;

With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more:
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sound, alas! would touch the impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence:
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands,
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till it dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;

The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend :
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings ;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear ;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise ;
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face ;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise ;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night ;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart ; [save,
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave ?

Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls ;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior plied,
To int'rest, prudence ; and to flatt'ry, pride.
Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find ?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
Enquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain
Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r ;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat ;

These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Johnson.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:

But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun;
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)

He quits his cell ; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before !
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way :
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair :
Then near approaching, ' Father, hail ! ' he cried,
And ' Hail, my son ! ' the rev'rend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose :
When near the road a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home ;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive : the liveried servants wait ;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate ;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good ;
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Uprise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste,
'Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd. [heart,
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat;
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;

The nimble lightning mix'd with shower's began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran,
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest) :
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls :
Bread of the coarsest sort with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine :
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich a life so poor and rude ;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
When from his vest his young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk the pilgrim's bosom
wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear ;

'Twas there a vice; and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie:
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great,
It seem'd to speak it's master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

' Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
' To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
' From him you come, for him accept it here,
' A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.'

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the closed cradle, where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!

How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed,

His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way:
 A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
 And deep the waves, beneath the bending, glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide and thrust him in:
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head;
 Then flashing turns and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
 He bursts the bands of fear and madly cries,
 'Detested wretch!'—But scarce his speech be-
 gan,

When the strange partner seem'd no longer man.
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:

'Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice un-
 known,
 'In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 'These charms success in our bright region find,
 'And force an angel down to calm thy mind;

‘ For this commission’d, I forsook the sky—

‘ Nay, cease to kneel!—thy fellow-servant I.

‘ Then know the truth of government divine,

‘ And let these scruples be no longer thine:

‘ The Maker justly claims that world he made,

‘ In this the right of Providence is laid;

‘ Its sacred majesty through all depends

‘ On using second means to work his ends;

‘ ’Tis thus withdrawn in state from human eye,

‘ The Power exerts his attributes on high;

‘ Your actions uses, nor controls your will,

‘ And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

‘ What strange events can strike with more surprise,

‘ Than those which lately struck thy wond’ring eyes?

‘ Yet, taught by these, confess th’ Almighty just;

‘ And, where you can’t unriddle, learn to trust.

‘ The great vain man who far’d on costly food,

‘ Whose life was too luxurious to be good;

‘ Who made his iv’ry stands with goblets shine,

‘ And forc’d his guests to morning draughts of wine;

‘ Has with the cup, the graceless custom lost,

‘ And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

‘ The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door

‘ Ne’er mov’d in pity to the wand’ring poor,

‘ With him I left the cup, to teach his mind

‘ That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind,

‘ Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,

‘ And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

‘ Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,

‘ With heaping coals of fire upon its head;

‘ In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,

‘ And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

‘ Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
‘ But now the child half wean’d his heart from God ;
‘ Child of his age, for him he liv’d in pain,
‘ And measur’d back his steps to earth again.
‘ To what excesses had his dotage run !
‘ But God, to save the father, took the son.
‘ To all but thee in fits he seem’d to go,
‘ And ’twas my ministry to deal the blow :
‘ The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
‘ Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
‘ But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
‘ Had that false servant sped in safety back ?
‘ This night his treasur’d heaps he meant to steal,
‘ And what a fund of charity would fail !
‘ Thus Heav’n instructs thy mind : this trial o’er,
‘ Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.’

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond’ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look’d Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
The prophet gaz’d, and wish’d to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun :
Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass’d a life of piety and peace.

Parnell.

THE PEASANT OF AUBURN;

OR, THE EMIGRANT.

The short and simple Annals of the Poor. *Gray,*

DARK was the sky, and fatal was the morn,
When first from Auburn's vale I roam'd forlorn;
The neighb'ring swains came pensive o'er the lea,
And parting breath'd their last kind prayers for me.
Ah! gentle souls, your prayers for me how vain,
The man of sorrow, penury, and pain.

Thus Edwin mourn'd, pale, melancholy, slow,
Where wild Ohio's sounding waters flow;
The sun set low'ring on the complaints he made,
And savage howlings doubly gloom'd the shade.

O Thou, in public toils with glory tried,
Whose high-born honours are thy humblest pride,
Whose private worth, in Fame's proud fane enroll'd,
Time shall emblaze in characters of gold;
Illustrious Howard! shield th' unpolish'd lays
Which twine this cypress wreath around thy bays;
And whilst thy breast matures each patriot plan
That gladdens life, and man endears to man,
Hear what big woes the village group befel,
By Auburn's pensive bard foretold too well.

Night o'er the scene her dusky horrors drew,
The stars burn'd dim, the rapid whirlwind flew;
E'en the lone cot denied its cheering ray,
As o'er the wild the wanderer urg'd his way.
No more the birds prolong'd their soothing strain,
No more the landscape stole a pang from pain;

In every bush destruction seem'd to hide,
And hoarse beneath him foam'd the sullen tide.
Amidst uncoffin'd bones, as thus he pass'd,*
Where many a gallant Briton breath'd his last,*
From distant hills strange fires began to glow,
That mark'd the ravage of the barbarous foe:
The scene, the hour, renew'd the trickling tear,
When thus, with mingled groans, the mournful seer.

God of my life! protect me as I stray,
Where panthers prowl, and murderous men betray.

Once I was blest beyond the peasant's lot,
In humble neatness rose my little cot;
I saw my whitening fleece the down adorn,
I saw my valley wave with golden corn,
I saw my duteous children round me bloom,
Nor envied Pride its palace and its plume;
Pleas'd with what heaven had lent, and far from
strife,

Calm, unprov'd, I walk'd the vale of life.
But vain the humblest hope the poor can form,
When fierce Oppression wings th'unfeeling storm.
Nor peace, nor love, nor merit's modest woe,
Can or avert, or mitigate the blow.

Alas! regardless of the suppliant train,
The tyrant lord usurps the whole domain.
The peasant's glebe, his garden's decent bound,
The shade he rear'd, the lane with sweet-briar
crown'd,

All, all must yield, as wills imperious pride,
And e'en the straw-thatch'd cottage is denied.
Hence, at this hour, by desperate sorrow led,
A banish'd man, I roam the world for bread.

* This part of America was the scene of Braddock's defeat.

Yet witness heaven, though such thy chang'd
decrees,

Ne'er did I waste my hours in loit'ring ease ;
Ne'er did the blessings prompt a wish to stray,
Health nerv'd my limbs, and virtue bless'd my day;
Constant at dawn to hardy toils I rose,
Brav'd the bleak winds, and desolating snows :
Whilst sweet Contentment lent her magic power,
Softened the gale, and warm'd the frozen shower.
Still sad Remembrance fondly calls to view
The field where once the branching poplar grew ;
'Twas there when Spring renew'd the ploughman's
toil,

My long-drawn furrow turn'd the rugged soil ;
There, with my sickle, thro' long summer days,
I work'd, regardless of the noontide blaze ;
And there the labouring band, as leisure sway'd,
The bough-crown'd reaper, and the village maid,
Led up their sports along the bordering green,
Whilst age look'd on, and bless'd the harmless scene.
Such were my toils, in days too bright to last,
Such joys were mine, but all those joys are past !

Mean though I was, and circled too with care,
Yet, blest with little, I had still to spare,
No neighbour's sorrows but assail'd my breast,
No poorer brother left my door unblest ;
To all my mite, to some, more singly dear,
I gave the tender tribute of a tear.
Oft times, returning from the task of day,
I hail'd the weary trav'ler on his way,
Remark'd the hour of rest was nearly come,
And press'd the stranger to my social home.
Heedless of future ills, the playful train,
To meet their sire, came shouting o'er the plain,

With eager joy their little news convey'd,
Or round the green their mimic dance display'd.
Perhaps, some neighb'ring swain of genial soul
Would lift the latch, and join our sober bowl;
And, whilst his soothing tales engaged the guest,
Of slighted love, or modest worth distressed,
Whate'er our dairy, or our fields afford,
In frugal plenty smil'd upon the board.
Blest social home! and ye dear distant bowers!
Scenes of my youth, and all my blissful hours,
Where'er by fortune's hand neglected thrown,
This heart, this faithful heart, is all your own:
E'en now, weak nature, rous'd to keener pain,
Dwells on your charms, and bleeds in every vein.
Good heaven! what anguish wrung this boding
heart,

When the rough boatswain gave the word to part;
Then first the tear, at Nature's bidding, fell,
As bleeding Friendship press'd its long farewell.
Pale on mine arm Connubial Mildness hung,
Fond Filial Duty round my bosom clung;
Firm for their sakes, along the surf-beat strand,
And whispering peace, I led the weeping band;
Deceiv'd their thoughts from Auburn's much-lov'd
plain,

And talk'd of happier seats beyond the main.
Poor aged man! since that eventful day,
Despair and terror mark'd thee for their prey;
War, sickness, famine, bursting on thine head,
Mock thy vain toils, and weigh thee to the dead.

Ah me! the words our pious preacher spoke,
When first to him my mournful mind I broke.
'Edwin,' he said, with looks of kind dismay,
'Earth's meteor hopes but glitter to betray;

‘Thou canst not fly from God’s all-chast’ning hand,
‘Storms sweep the ocean, discord blasts the land;
‘No change of climate can reverse our doom,
‘Life’s various roads all centre in the tomb.’

Thus the meek sage my rash resolve repress,
Whilst tears of pity bath’d his hoary breast.

Oh! had I listen’d to his wise alarms,
Then had I died at home in friendship’s arms.

Twelve tedious weeks we plough’d the wintry
main,

And hop’d the port, but hop’d alas in vain,
Till left of heaven, and press’d for daily bread,
Each gaz’d at each, and hung the sickly head.
Two little sons, my hope, my humble pride,
Too weak to combat, languish’d, wail’d, and died.
Stretch’d on the deck the breathless cherubs lay,
As buds put forth in April’s stormy day.

Not Emma’s self remain’d my woes to cheer,
Borne with her babes upon a watery bier;
Five days she struggled with the fever’s fire,
The sixth sad morn beheld my saint expire:
These trembling lips her lips convulsive prest,
These trembling hands sustain’d her sinking breast;
These trembling hands discharg’d each mournful
rite,

Sooth’d her last pang, and seal’d her dying sight.
To the same deep their dear remains were given,
Their mingled spirits wing’d their flight to heaven.

One only daughter, in life’s vernal pride,
Surviv’d the wreck that overwhelm’d my all beside,
Snatch’d from the peace of death, and loathing day,
On bleak Henlopen’s coast the mourner lay.
These aged arms her languid body bore
Through the rude breakers to that ruder shore.

Mercy, sweet heaven! and did the pitying storm
Spare but for deeper ills that angel form!
Blest had we sunk unheeded in the wave,
And mine and Lucy's been one common grave.
But I am lost, a worn-out, ruin'd man,
And fiends complete what tyranny began.

Much had I heard, from men unus'd to feign,
Of this New World, and freedom's gentle reign.
'Twas fam'd that here, by no proud master spurn'd,
The poor man ate secure the bread he earn'd;
That verdant vales were fed by brighter streams
Than my own Medway, or the silver Thames;
Fields without bounds spontaneous fruitage bore,
And peace and virtue bless'd the favour'd shore.
Such were the hopes which once beguil'd my care,
Hopes form'd in dreams, and baseless as the air.

Is this, O dire reverse, is this the land,
Where Nature sway'd, and peaceful worthies
plann'd!

Where injur'd Freedom, through the world impell'd,
Her hallow'd seat, her last asylum held!
Ye glittering towns than crown th' Atlantic deep,
Witness the change, and as ye witness weep;
Mourn all ye streams, and all ye fields deplore
Your slaughter'd sons, your verdure stain'd with
gore.

Time was, blest time, to weeping thousands dear,
When all that poets picture flourish'd here;
Then War was not, Religion smil'd and spread,
Arts, Manners, Learning, rear'd their polish'd head;
Commerce, her sails to ev'ry breeze unfurl'd,
Pour'd on their coasts the treasures of the world.
Past are those halcyon days. The very land
Droops a weak mourner, wither'd and unmann'd.

Brothers 'gainst brothers rise in vengeful strife,
The parent's weapon drinks the children's life;
Sons, leagued with foes, unsheath their impious
sword,

And gore the nurturing breast they late ador'd.

How vain my search to find some lowly bower,
Far from those scenes of death, this rage for power;
Some quiet spot, conceal'd from every eye,
In which to pause from woe, and calmly die.
No such retreat these boundless shades embrace,
But man with beast divides the bloody chace.
What though some cottage rise amid the gloom,
In vain its pastures spring, its orchards bloom;
Far, far away the wretched owners roam,
Exiles like me, the world their only home.

Here, as I trace my melancholy way,
The prowling Indian snuffs his wonted prey.
Ha—should I meet him in his dusky round—
Late in these woods I heard his murderous sound:
Still the deep war-whoop vibrates on mine ear,
And still I hear his tread, or seem to hear.
Hark, the leaves rustle! what a shriek was there!
'Tis he! 'tis he! his triumphs rend the air.
Hold, coward heart, I'll answer to the yell,
And chace the murderer to his gory cell.
Savage!—but oh! I rave—o'er yonder wild,
E'en at this hour he drives my only child;
She, the dear source and soother of my pain,
My tender daughter, drags the captive chain.

Ah my poor Lucy! in whose face, whose
breast,
My long-lost Emma liv'd again confest,
Thus robb'd of thee, and every comfort fled,
Soon shall the turf infold this wearied head;

Soon shall my spirit reach that peaceful shore,
 Where bleeding friends unite, to part no more.
 Then shall I cease to rue the fatal morn
 When first from Auburn's vale I roam'd forlorn.

He spoke—and frantic with the sad review,
 Prone on the shore his tottering limbs he threw;
 Life's crimson strings were bursting round his
 heart,

And his torn soul was throbbing to depart;
 No pitying friend, no meek-ey'd stranger near
 To tend his throes, or calm them with a tear.
 Angels of grace, your golden pinions spread,
 Temper the winds, and shield his houseless head;
 Let no rude sounds disturb life's awful close,
 And guard his relicks from inhuman foes.
 O haste, and waft him to those radiant plains,
 Where fiends torment no more, and love eternal
 reigns. Coombe.

THE EMIGRANT,

AN ECLOGUE.

*Occasioned by the late numerous Emigrations from the Highlands of
 Scotland.*

Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva,
 Nos patriam fugimus. Virg.

FAST by the margin of a mossy rill,
 That wander'd gurgling down a heath-clad hill,
 An ancient shepherd stood, opprest with woe,
 And ey'd the ocean's flood that foam'd below,
 Where, gently rocking on the rising tide,
 A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride;

Unwonted, well I ween, for ne'er before,
Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore ;
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.

His few remaining hairs were silver gray,
And his rough face had seen a better day.
Around him bleating, stray'd a scanty flock,
And a few goats o'erhung the neighb'ring rock ;
One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share,
And strove with many a trick to ease his care ;
While o'er his furrowed cheek the salt drops ran,
He tun'd his rustic reed, and thus began :—

‘ Farewell, Farewell ! dear Caledonia's strand,
‘ Rough though thou be, yet still my native land ;
‘ Exiled from thee I seek a foreign shore,
‘ Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more.
‘ By hard oppression driv'n, my helpless age,
‘ That should e'er now have left life's bustling stage,
‘ Is forced to brave the ocean's boist'rous wave,
‘ In a far foreign land to seek a grave.

‘ And must I leave thee then, my little cot,
‘ Mine and my father's poor but happy lot,
‘ Where I have pass'd in innocence away,
‘ Year after year, till age has turn'd me gray ?

‘ Thou dear companion of my happier life,
‘ Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife !
‘ 'Twas here you rear'd, with fond maternal pride,
‘ Five comely sons, three for their country died !
‘ Two still remain, sad remnant of the wars,
‘ Without one mark of honour but their scars :
‘ Yet live to see their sire denied a grave,
‘ In lands, his much lov'd children died to save.
‘ Yet still in peace and safety did we live,
‘ In peace and safety, more than wealth can give.

‘ My two remaining boys, with sturdy hands,
‘ Rear’d the scant produce of our niggard lands :
‘ Scant as it was, no more our hearts desir’d ;
‘ No more from us our gen’rous lord requir’d.

‘ But ah ! sad change ! those blessed days are o’er,
‘ And peace, content, and safety charms no more ;
‘ Another lord now rules those wide domains,
‘ The avaricious tyrant of the plains ;
‘ Far, far from hence, he revels life away
‘ In guilty pleasures our poor means must pay.
‘ The mossy plains, the mountain’s barren brow,
‘ Must now be riven by the tort’ring plough ;
‘ And, ’ spite of Nature, crops be taught to rise,
‘ Which to these northern climes wise Heaven denies ;

‘ In vain, with sweating brow and weary hands,
‘ We strive to earn the gold our lord demands ;
‘ While cold and hunger, and the dungeon’s gloom,
‘ Await our failure as its certain doom.

‘ To shun these ills, that threat my hoary head,
‘ I seek in foreign lands precarious bread :
‘ Forc’d, though my helpless age from guilt be pure,
‘ The pangs of banish’d felons to endure :
‘ And all because these hands have vainly tried
‘ To force from Art what Nature has denied ;
‘ Because my little all will not suffice
‘ To pay the insatiate claims of avarice.

‘ In vain of richer climates I am told,
‘ Whose hills are rich in gems, whose streams are gold,

‘ I am contented here ; I ne’er have seen
‘ A vale more fertile, or a hill more green ;
‘ Nor would I leave this sweet, though humble cot,
‘ To share the richest monarch’s splendid lot.

‘ Oh! would to Heav’n th’ alternative were mine,
‘ Abroad to thrive, or here in want to pine,
‘ Soon would I choose; but ere to-morrow’s sun
‘ Has o’er my head his radiant journey run,
‘ I shall be robb’d, by what *they* justice call,
‘ By legal ruffians, of my little all.
‘ Driv’n out to hunger, nakedness, and grief,
‘ Without one pitying hand to bring relief.
‘ Then come, oh sad alternative to chuse!
‘ Come banishment, I will no more refuse!
‘ Go where I may, nor billows, rocks, nor wind,
‘ Can add of horror to my suffering mind.
‘ On whatsoever coast I may be thrown,
‘ No lord can be severer than my own.
‘ Ev’n they who tear the limbs, and drink the gore
‘ Of helpless strangers, what can they do more?

‘ For thee, insatiate chief, whose ruthless hand
‘ For ever drives me from my native land,
‘ For thee I leave no greater curse behind,
‘ Than the fell bodings of a guilty mind;
‘ Or, what were harder to a soul like thine,
‘ To find from avarice thy wealth decline.

‘ For you, my friends and neighbours of the vale,
‘ Who now with kindly tears my fate bewail,
‘ Soon may our king, whose breast paternal glows
‘ With tend’rest feelings for his people’s woes,
‘ Soon may the rulers of this mighty land,
‘ To ease your sorrow stretch the helping hand;
‘ Else soon, too soon your hapless fate shall be,
‘ Like me to suffer, and to fly like me.

‘ On you, dear native land, from whence I part,
‘ Rest the best blessings of a broken heart;
‘ If, in some future hour, the foe should land
‘ His hostile legions on Britannia’s strand,

' May she not then th' alarum sound in vain,
 ' Nor miss her banish'd thousands on the plain.
 ' Feed on my sheep! for, though deprived of me,
 ' My cruel foes shall your protectors be;
 ' For their own sakes shall pen your straggling
 flocks,
 ' And guard your lambkins from the rav'ning fox.
 ' Feed on my goats! another now shall drain
 ' Your streams that heal disease and soften pain;
 ' No stream, alas! can ever, ever flow,
 ' To heal thy master's heart or soothe his woe.
 ' Feed on my flocks, ye harmless people feed,
 ' The worst that ye can suffer is to bleed;
 ' Oh! that the murd'ring steel were all my fear!
 ' How fondly would I stay to perish here.
 ' But hark! my sons loud call me from the vale!
 ' And, lo, the vessel spreads her swelling sail;
 ' Farewell! farewell!—Awhile his hands he wrung,
 And o'er his crook in silent sorrow hung;
 Then, casting many a ling'ring look behind,
 Down the steep mountain's brow began to wind.

H. Erskine.

EPISTLE FROM AN EMIGRANT

IN AMERICA, TO HIS FRIEND IN SCOTLAND.

To thee, long lost, but still remember'd friend,
 From this lone world, these humble lines I send;
 To happier climes, which I no more shall see,
 Though half my heart still hovers there with thee.
 To chase the langours of this dreary clime,
 I seek the aid of heart-composing rhyme;

But ah ! in vain I court wild Fancy's fires,
No object charms—no sportive muse inspires :
And like the hours, my listless strain must flow,
A tedious tale of sad protracted woe :
For oh, my friend ! my rash resolve I mourn,
And weep for joys that never can return.
Ah hapless hour ! when first in Scotia's vales,
I fondly listen'd to the specious tales
Of independence, ease, and certain gain,
On fairy fields beyond the western main ;
Gay visions rose, and all my soul possest,
'Till calm content forsook my aching breast ;
The toils of trade with cold contempt I spurn'd,
With golden hopes my anxious bosom burn'd :
For I had heard of fair Columbia's fields,
Where unassisted Nature plenty yields ;
Where choicest fruits and flowers spontaneous
spring,
And every settler lives—a rural king ;
My easy faith the flatt'ring tale believ'd,
Alas ! too late, I find these hopes deceiv'd !
When last my foot press'd Caledonia's strand,
And you, my friend, held my half trembling
hand,
Though hope delusive play'd around my heart,
Yet still I linger'd, and was loth to part :
I saw the partner of my early joy
Lead on my blooming girl and sportive boy,
Slow from the shore they scal'd the vessel's side,
My little all launch'd on the rolling tide ;
From friends and country rudely torn away—
My heart their home—my hand their only stay.
Close by the mast I took my silent stand,
My fix'd eye gazing on the less'ning land,

Till lost in air the last hill's distant blue ;
Then to my country bade a long adieu !
Then from my bosom burst the parting sigh,
Again I rais'd my fond inquiring eye,
That o'er the dim horizon rang'd in vain,
A changeless scene, of sky and boundless main,
Bright shone the sun, the faithless ocean smil'd,
And kindling hope my pensive thoughts beguil'd,
'Till the dark tempest and the howling storm,
Gave signs of danger in most direful form.
Too soon confirm'd—alas ! one fatal wave
Swept my lov'd William to a wat'ry grave.

No more on deck I mark'd the green wave glide,
Or gently rippling kiss the vessel's side ;
Methought the hours on leaden pinions crept,
And drowsy winds in silent chambers slept ;
My only wish to leave the treach'rous main,
In daily toil to banish mental pain.
But ah, my friend ! fix'd to this dreary scene,
New griefs arise, fresh sorrows intervene :
My sanguine hopes like air-blown bubbles spread,
My lands—a forest ; and my home—a shed ;
To clear the ground and shape the infant farm,
Were ceaseless labour for a giant's arm ;
The axe, the spade, unwearied ye must wield,
Whose task is, not to *till*, but *make* the field.
The groaning wood must to his strokes resound,
For room to form the mansion's narrow bound ;
When strength and toil the scanty spot has clear'd,
Of rugged logs the humble hut is rear'd ;
With painful haste, in rudest order thrown,
And architecture's ev'ry grace unknown ;
No tow'ring chimney guides the smoke away,
No pendent sash receives the morning ray ;

We think not here of kitchen, parlour, hall,
No place is private, and disorder all;
Innum'rous chinks gape round the rustic form,
Whose walls expel not, but invite the storm;
And doubly keen the bitter tempest blows,
From wastes deep buried in eternal snows;
For hoary Winter reigns majestic here,
In stormy grandeur claiming half the year:
And when reluctantly he leaves his throne,
Not less despotic, Summer rules his own:
Impervious woods exclude the gentle gale,
Whose cooling breath would glad the thirsty vale;
Reflected rays with scorching fervour shine,
'Till Nature sicken, and her children pine.
Such are the blessings of this boasted clime,
For ages buried in the womb of time;
And wheresoe'er we turn our anxious gaze,
Each feature still its infancy pourtrays:
If we its wilds and woody deserts scan,
The brutal tribes dispute the right with man;
O'er his dark poison broods the vengeful snake,
And alligators haunt the reedy lake.

But worse than these, and ah! more dreadful far,
The native Indian wages barb'rous war;
Inur'd to hardships, famine, floods and fire,
No dangers frighten, and no toils can tire.
A faithful friend, but a determin'd foe,
Time may retard, but not prevent his blow;
Staunch as the blood-hound to his destin'd prey,
Heart-sick'ning horrors mark his carnag'd way;
His keener optics, on the printless grass
Can trace the footsteps, if a white man pass,
Then lurking patient, 'till the midnight gloom,
The direful war-whoop peals the victim's doom;

At the dread yell deep forests echo around,
Each bosom thrills and shudders at the sound ;
Here humid fens and long extended swamps,
Wide o'er the scene diffuse unwholesome damps ;
Their baneful dews relax life's active springs,
And chilling ague shakes his fev'rish wings ;
Contagion flies, with pestilential breath,
And sallow hue—the harbinger of death.

Ah me! my friend, why do I live to tell,
'Twas thus the partner of my bosom fell !
Fled is the smile that soften'd ev'ry ill,
And cold the tongue that whisper'd comfort
still!

Sad was the stroke, and as I mourn'd the blow,
Fate plung'd me deeper in the gulph of woe !
My infant Anna, latest pledge of love,
That round my knees with fond affection strove,
One fatal morn, far in the wild wood stray'd,
All search was vain within its boundless shade—
Death seiz'd the flow'ret, midst the gloomy wild—
And my sad heart of its last hope beguil'd !
Thus o'er my griefs an exile doom'd to sigh,
No prospect brightens to my joyless eye !
The hapless land that gave these griefs to flow
Affords no friend to soothe a stranger's woe.

Perhaps, some breast that pants with Freedom's
flame,

And heaves with rapture at her sacred name,
May deem that place a paradise below
Where Independence lifts her dauntless brow.
What is this bliss, so much Columbia's boast?
'Twas hapless Selkirk's on Fernandez' coast !
Though bounteous Nature smiling own'd his sway,
No joy was his, to hail the rising day :

So here sequester'd, each man lives alone,
 The sweets and social ties of life unknown ;
 The chords of sympathy are here untied,
 By lust of wealth, and independent pride ;
 No gen'rous feelings here expand the soul,
 Self all the care, that self is deem'd the whole ;
 Each for his wants must on himself rely,
 Nor look for friends, but such as wealth can buy.
 Ah! how unlike that land I left behind,
 Whose sea-girt shores still haunt my restless mind,
 Where age was cheerful, while the nymphs and
 swains

With jocund health stray'd lightly o'er the plains :
 Oft when the sun sinks in the distant west,
 I wistful gaze, with sadd'ning thoughts opprest ;
 'Till all my soul absorb'd in Fancy's dream,
 I waft my blessing on his sinking beam,
 That fades from me, to light that happier shore,
 Those native vales I shall behold no more !

Ye Scotian swains, still to my bosom dear,
 (As now can witness this descending tear,)
 Be warn'd by him who rashly dar'd to roam ;
 And prize the bliss that hovers round your home.
 And may the griefs that prompt this plaintive tale,
 Be ever far, from ——'s peaceful vale :
 Or if a sigh some gentle breast must swell,
 Be it for him, who writes—A long Farewell!

Balfour.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

My untried muse shall no high tune assume,
 Nor strut in arms ;—farewell my cap and plume :

Brief be my verse, a task within my power,
I tell my feelings in one happy hour,
But what an hour was that, when from the main
I reached this lovely valley once again;
A glorious harvest filled my eager sight,
Half shocked, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born
The sun looked down, as in life's early morn.
I gazed round, but not a soul appear'd,
I listened on the threshold, nothing heard;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide,
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside:
How sweet it was to breathe the cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before; the same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacks behind,
And up they flew, like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down, they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land;—that instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black, stedfast eye,
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew)
'Ah, ah! old worn-out soldier, is it you?'

Through the room ranged th' imprison'd humble bee,
And bomb'd and bounced, and struggled to be free,
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor:
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
Reminding me of those hideous forms
That met us as we passed the Cape of Storms,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes
never ;

They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But here was peace, that peace which home can
yield ;

The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitutes for clarion, fife and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guessed some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose,
My heart felt ev'ry thing but calm repose ;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears ;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain ;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost ;
On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,
And curst the murdering weapons I had used,
Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd,

In stepped my father, with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid,
And stooping to the child, the old man said,
'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
'This is your uncle Charles, come back from Spain.'
The child approached, and with her fingers light,
Stroked my old eyes almost deprived of sight—
But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me!

Bloomfield.

H O M E.

THERE is a land of every land the pride,
Belov'd by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,

While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O thou shalt find howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy Home.

O'er China's garden-fields, and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter from his
throne

Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-rob'd hill of health;
In Java's swamp of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackalls
drink;

Midst weeping willows on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's rev'rend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonoured vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of Liberty;
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,

Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Belov'd by heaven o'er all the world beside;
His Home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

Montgomery.

L I N E S,

WRITTEN ON THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY.

THIS is my Natal Day! to me, the thought
Awakens serious musings, and the sigh
Of soften'd recollection. Heretofore,
This day has ne'er return'd, since manhood shap'd
My wayward heart, not finding me the dupe
Of feverish day-dreams, and the very slave
Of Hope's delicious phantasies. This day
Has ne'er return'd, not finding me possess'd
Of her, whose parent-claims to love were lost
In Friendship's mightier attributes! O God!
And am I doom'd this very day to know
Those dreams, Hope's phantasies, and my first
friend,
For ever gone!

—It boots not to complain;
Therefore will I, with meek and bowed thoughts,
Muse calmly on life's desolated path!
As the way-wanderer, who the onward track
Gazes unanxious, though the bleak day fade—
Though the wet winds sweep chilly; and the bark
Of shepherd's watch-dog, from the far-off hill,
Die on the gusty blast, if he reflect
That still in scenes remote, a goodly home

Awaits his wearied feet. Yes, so can I
 Look on life's waste with the composed smile,
 Of resignation (though amid that waste,
 For me no flow'ret blossom) hoping yet
 To enter the abode where tears are wiped
 From every eye, where the dear buried friend
 Shall recognise her long-bewilder'd child!

Yet let me, as I travel on, if chance
 A pilgrim, like myself, cross the drear scene
 I needs must tread, mingle with his my tears
 For this bad world—beguile the little hour
 With what my spirit from its scanty store
 May spare, in kindest sort, to entertain
 One haply not unsuffering;—then pursue
 My simple path, nor let the woes or joys
 Of weak, self-satisfied Humanity,
 Break the long sabbath of my centred soul.
 Enough, if I the vacant moment soothe
 With social intercourse!—'Tis not in man
 To fill the aching breast! My God, thou know'st
 How the heart pines that rests on human love.

C. Lloyd.

REFLECTIONS

ON A SUNDAY MORNING'S WALK.

— balm of hurt minds—
 Prime nourisher in life's feast!

Shakspeare.

ON that bless'd day, when weekly labour ends,
 When Trade unchains her slaves, her whip sus-
 pends,

I left the stifled city's smoky bounds,
Where Pity bleeds from never-closing wounds;
Where Beauty, doom'd by Poverty to die,
Bends o'er the hated task her languid eye;
Where Childhood, early victim to despair,
In sad maturity of thoughtful care,
All the long day immur'd in dusty cells,
Breathing disease, with pain and sorrow dwells.

On such dark thoughts, with downward looks
intent,

Forth to the fields my wand'ring steps I bent;
Pensive and slow I walk'd; but now the gale,
Brushing the hawthorn blossoms from the vale,
Breath'd sweet around, and on my temples stray'd;
The landscape smil'd, in purest green array'd;
Each insect, bird, and beast, in gambols play'd.
The gen'ral pleasure seiz'd me as I stood,
My thoughts, on evil fix'd, return'd to good.
I blest th' unseen hand that sooth'd my care,
And shed a healing balsam in the air;
That made each sympathetic joy we prove,
A spring of kindness, and a bond of love.

Yet shall we say, that with impartial skill,
Nature has pois'd the scales of good and ill!
Behold the man whom hourly tumults leave
No space for joy, and hardly time to grieve,
In love with solitude, yet forc'd all day
To elbow through the crowd his breathless way;
Still harrass'd with new cares from sun to sun,
Fancy's fair dreams cut short e'er well begun;
Despising lucre, yet for lucre's sake,
Condemn'd to labour till his fingers ache;
With slavish pen to drudge in ceaseless toil,
And waste on sordid thoughts the midnight oil.

Unhappier yet, in secret doom'd to feel
The glow of shame, or blushing to reveal;
Of moral pride to bow the lofty head,
Oh! guilt inglorious! not for wealth, but bread;
Oblig'd to dun, and fawn, and lie, and swear,
And count an oath a trifle light as air;
To such a man, what boon has nature giv'n,
What recompense, to make the balance even?

Yet here, even here, is Nature's bounty shown;
The wrong is Fortune's, the redress her own.
Full well she knew the baseness of mankind,
What various woes assail the tender mind,
That, like a wild-flower mid the ripening corn,
By peasant hands is rudely pluck'd and torn;
And form'd the country with mysterious art,
One great asylum for the human heart.
The sufferer here, releas'd from city strife,
Imbibes new patience for the ills of life;
Nobly erect beneath the frown of fate,
He views the world with sorrow, not with hate;
And calmly weighing luxury with health,
The pride of feeling with the pomp of wealth,
Returns appeas'd, nor writhing calls again,
The power of dulness to protect from pain.

Yet think, my friend, how vain were Nature's
care,
Her waving groves and blossom-scented air,
Her fields with verdure green, or gay with flow'rs,
Did not Religion make this blessing ours?
What boots it to the wretch, who, sunk in mines
Of central depth, in midnight darkness pines,
That o'er his head the glancing sun-beams play,
Or long remember'd moonlight's softer ray?
Did no sweet interval of rest and peace,

No stated breathing time and short release,
Break the sad dulness of this irksome scene,
And cheer with hope the tedious time between,
Nature might give her embryos to the waves,
And leave the sleeping flow'rets in their graves;
No eye undimm'd with tears, nor heart at ease,
For rural grace, and simple charms to please.

Have you not seen a youth, whose lib'ral mind,
For brighter hopes and higher aims design'd,
Was snatch'd from science, by a hapless doom,
To plod with 'Traffic in his dungeon gloom?
Wak'd from the sullen lethargy of grief,
That seeks entire despair, and spurns relief,
Alarm'd he sees the wings of Dulness spread,
To wrap for ever his devoted head;
And dead to Hope, yet still alive to Shame,
Defrauds of needful rest his weary frame;
Struggling with sleep and whelming cares, to save
Some wrecks of knowledge from Oblivion's wave.
In vain! in vain! no efforts can controul
The creeping torpor that subdues his soul.
As some lost mariner who strives to hail,
Stretch'd on the billowy deep, a passing sail;
While swift before the wind the vessel flies,
Unseen his signals, and unheard his cries;
And oft despairs, but still renews the strife,
Upheld by buoyant hope and love of life:
At length he sinks, no friendly succour near,
The knell of death resounding in his ear:
So sinks the mind, with noblest ardour fraught,
When labour presses down the spring of thought,
Around his couch no wonted visions smile,
Deep are the slumbers of the sons of toil.
Imagination, that in happier days,

Still as declining Reason veil'd his rays,
Rose like the queen of heaven with brow serene,
And threw a trembling radiance o'er the scene,
No more shines forth amid the clouds of night;
Or sheds a broken, melancholy light.

Welcome then, Sunday! to the wretched given;
A boon to misery, most worthy heav'n!
A resting-place beside life's weary road,
To ease the groaning pilgrim of his load;
To raise his drooping head surcharg'd with years,
And give him time to wipe away his tears.
By labour brutalized, the people then
Start up, and re-assume the shape of men;
To social bliss unlock the feeling heart,
And for a time perform a human part.
The soul athirst for knowledge takes her fill,
And drinks from learning's antique vase at will.
The banish'd worshipper at Nature's shrine,
Again admitted, views her face divine;
And hears her soothing, soft, maternal voice
Bid him go forth, and in her smile rejoice.
Glad he obeys, and wand'ring far and wide,
Follows some wooded stream's descending tide;
Or climbs where yon clear ridgy summits rise,
With sharp blue edge along the northern skies,
To some bold peak, superior and alone,
To swiftest wing and wildest foot unknown;
Whence the strain'd eye with wonder stoops to
trace
The insect dwellings of the human race.

THE DAY OF REST.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
 The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
 The scythe lies glitt'ring in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers
 That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze;
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear;—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill,
 Calmness sits thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him, who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellower from the
 dale,

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tun'd song; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village
 broods :

The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
 Hath ceas'd; all, all around is quietness.
 Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
 Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on
 man,

Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
 Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
 And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
 His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But, chiefly Man the day of rest enjoys:
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;
On other days the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screen'd from the winter's
cold,

And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With cover'd face, and upward earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While, wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers, that bloom
Around its root: and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That Heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

Grahame.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

THERE is a wisdom man may learn at home,
In his own breast, even in the privacy
Of solitude and self-communion:
Instructions, which the workings of his heart

'Midst daily scenes, or in the silent hour
When musing on his bed, will better teach
Than schools, or books, or learned seminaries,
Of ancient, or of modern fame! No need
That such an one should traverse half the globe,
To know what's call'd the world ; with curious eye,
To mark its manners, customs, toils, pursuits,
Its frauds, conventions, broils, and jealousies ;
Its selfishness and pride which have no bounds,
That, worse than famine, pestilence or sword,
Desolate earth, and of this garden of God
Make a bare waste and barren wilderness !
He not resembles those base traffickers,
Who compass sea and land, in journeys oft,
And oft in perils, for no righteous cause ;
Not for the love of God or man, but love
Of filthy lucre : His are nobler aims—
The means of his improvement lie at hand
Within a nearer circle, and he reads
The map of Life, and understands it well,
With half the pains that others take to prove
How little they have learnt, or of themselves,
Or of their brethren of mankind. He ne'er
Wandered to distant climes, to borrow thence
Opinions, fashions, dress ; nor visited
The courts of princes, saw their levees, sat
With great ones in their halls of state, nor went
On foreign embassy, with pomp and train,
And numerous retinue, to form the leagues
Of peace or war. More studious he to know
Himself ; to scan the nature, character,
And motives of his actions ; to weigh well
Their consequences, and sum up the amount.
He has a world *within*, where most he lives,

Nor yet by narrow limits circumscribed,
The world of reason, knowledge, the wide range
Of intellect, the empire of the mind !
And 'midst the calm of cool, collected thought,
He meditates the noblest purposes,
Such as may benefit the public weal,
And closer knit the ties of social man
In blessed concord, and sweet sympathy !
Nor boasts he greater state, than he who sways
His passions well ; who curbs his headstrong will,
And, with an absolute rule, over himself
Reigns, undisputed Lord. Sublime he sits
With sceptered reason on her star-girt throne,
And looking down, with calm composure, hears
The hubbub and the din, the busy stir,
And turmoil of the world ; and smiles serene.
He is a land-mark to the present age ;
And to the generations yet to come
He leaves a monument of his own worth,
That shall outlive the pompous sepulchres
Where kings enshrine their dust. Nor chance, nor
fate,
Nor lapse of time, nor mortal circumstance
Shall waver his fix'd resolution,
Nor tempt his feet to deviate from the path
Of Rectitude ; while in his daily course,
He presses forwards towards the glorious prize
Of immortality ; advancing still
In knowledge, virtue, and the love of God.

Whitehouse.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKIN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short but simple annals of the poor.

Gray.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
 To you I sing in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What Aikin in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there,
 I ween !

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o'craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
 ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;

Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flitcherin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,

His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,

Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.

The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warn'd to obey ;
' An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
' An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play ;
' An' O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
' An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !

‘ Lest in temptation’s path ye gang astray,
‘ Implore his counsel and assisting might :
‘ They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright !’

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o’ the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o’er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny’s e’e, and flush her cheek ;
With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleas’d the mother hears, its nae wild, worth-
less rake.

Wi’ kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
A strappan youth ; he takes the mother’s eye ;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit’s no ill ta’en ;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye,
The youngster’s artless heart o’erflows wi’ joy.
But blate and laithfu’, scarce can weel behave ;
The mother, wi’ a woman’s wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu’ an’ sae grave ;
Weel pleas’d to think her bairn’s respected like
the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
I’ve paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
‘ If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
‘ One cordial in this melancholy vale,
‘ ’Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,

‘ In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
 ‘ Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
 ev’ning gale.’

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny’s unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjur’d arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil’d ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o’er their child ?
 Then paints the ruin’d maid, and their distraction
 wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome parritch, chief o’ Scotia’s food :
 The soup their only hawkie does afford,
 That ’yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain’d kebbuck, fell,
 An’ aft he’s prest, an’ aft he ca’s it guid ;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell, [bell.
 How ’twas a towmond auld, sin’ lint was i’ the

The cheerfu’ supper done, wi’ serious face,
 ‘ They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o’er, wi’ patriarchal grace,
 The big ha’-Bible, ance his father’s pride :
 His bonnet rev’rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an’ bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ; [air.
 And ‘ Let us worship God !’ he says, with solemn

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
aim :

Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'n-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lye
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
How his first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by
Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :

Hope, 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

Compar'd with this how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd the language of the soul ;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God :'
And certes, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,

The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil !

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved
 Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted
 heart ;

Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)

O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!
Burns,

KILMENY,

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen ;
 But it wasna to meet Duncraig's men,

Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
 It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
 And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
 The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
 And the nut that hang frae the hazel tree;
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
 But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
 And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
 Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
 And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
 When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
 When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead
 bell rung,
 Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
 The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
 When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
 Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

' Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
 ' Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;
 ' By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
 ' Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
 ' Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen?
 ' That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
 ' And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
 ' Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew:
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been:
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon green-wood he walks his
lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She 'wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim ;
 And lovely beings round were rife,
 Who erst had travelled mortal life ;
 And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
 ' What spirit has brought this mortal here ?'—

' Lang have I journeyed the world wide,'
 A meek and reverend fere replied ;
 ' Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
 ' Eident a thousand years and mair.
 ' Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
 ' Wherever blooms feminitye ;
 ' But sinless virgin, free of stain
 ' In mind and body, fand I nane.
 ' Never, since the banquet of time,
 ' Found I a virgin in her prime,
 ' Till late this bonny maiden I saw
 ' As spotless as the morning snaw :
 ' Full twenty years she has lived as free
 ' As the spirits that sojourn this countrie :
 ' I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
 ' That sin or death she never may ken.'—

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
 They kiss'd her cheek, and they kemed her hair,
 And round came many a blooming fere,
 Saying, ' Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here !
 ' Women are freed of the littand scorn :
 ' O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born !
 ' Now shall the land of the spirits see,
 ' Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
 ' Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
 ' Many a lang year through the world we've gane,

‘ Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
‘ For it’s they who nurice the immortal mind.

‘ We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
‘ And deep in the green-wood walks alone ;
‘ By lily bower and silken bed,
‘ The viewless tears have o’er them shed ;
‘ Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
‘ Or left the couch of love to weep. [come,
‘ We have seen ! we have seen ! but the time must
‘ And the angels will weep at the day of doom !

‘ O, would the fairest of mortal kind
‘ Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
‘ That kindred spirits their motions see,
‘ Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
‘ And grieve for the guilt of humanitye !
‘ O, sweet to Heaven the maiden’s prayer,
‘ And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair !
‘ And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
‘ And the praise of virtue frae beauty’s mouth !
‘ And dear to the viewless forms of air,
‘ The minds that kyth as the body fair !

‘ O, bonny Kilmeny ! free frae stain,
‘ If ever you seek the world again,
‘ That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,
‘ O, tell of the joys that are waiting here ;
‘ And tell of the signs you shall shortly see ;
‘ Of the times that are now, and the times that
 shall be.’—

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day ;

The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light :
 The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
 That her youth and beauty never might fade ;
 And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her
 lie

In the stream of life that wandered bye.
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
 She kend not where ; but sae sweetly it rung,
 It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn :
 ‘ O ! blest be the day Kilmeny was born !
 ‘ Now shall the land of the spirits see,
 ‘ Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
 ‘ The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
 ‘ A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light ;
 ‘ And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
 ‘ Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
 ‘ Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
 ‘ And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
 ‘ But lang, lang after baith night and day,
 ‘ When the sun and the world have elyed away ;
 ‘ When the sinner has gane to his waesomedoom,
 ‘ Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom !’—

They bore her away, she wist not how,
 For she felt not arm nor rest below ;
 But so swift they wained her through the light,
 ’Twas like the motion of sound or sight ;
 They seemed to split the gales of air,
 And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
 Unnumbered groves below them grew,
 They came, they past, and backward flew,

Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies:
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light:
And radiant beings went and came
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing bye;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay

The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray ;
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung :
For there they were seen on their downward
plain

A thousand times and a thousand again ;
In winding lake and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave ;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale ;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore ;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on !
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk ;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting ee ;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedes-man came,
And hundert the lion on his dame ;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee ;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead ;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain :

Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And weening his head was danger-preef,
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at Heaven,
But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man:
She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till clought by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again ;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye,
And all was love and harmony :
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrie,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen ;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep ;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wenc.
When seven lang years had come and fled ;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead ;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame !
And O, her beauty was fair to see,

But still and steadfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raik the lanely glen,
And kepted afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blythly round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raik began,

And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran ;
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young ;
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :
 It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and a day had come and gane,
 Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene ;
 There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
 But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
 Were words of wonder, and words of truth !
 But all the land were in fear and dread,
 For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
 It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain ;
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,
 And returned to the land of thought again.

Hogg.

HEREAFTER.

The glory and the freshness of a Dream. *Wordsworth.*

I saw a shape of beauty in a dream,
 Gazing on me. I saw her bright eyes gleam,
 Like planets, when the waned moon is gone
 Out of the skies. We two were quite alone :
 But 'tween us there was drawn an icy bar,
 That shone and sparkled like a streaming star,
 And daunted me, for all the air around
 Was like the coldest springs. There was no
 sound

Or motion from the sight, that met my eye ;
Yet I sate mute, and listen'd painfully
To catch the faintest whisper from the form.
Oh ! I could have endured the wildest storm
Better than the bright silence of those eyes !
They froze my soul. At last, she seem'd to rise,
And, opening her white bosom, bade me come
Unto her heart, and dwell in that calm home
For ever. How I flew ! the bar was shatter'd
To fragments in a moment, and I scatter'd
The bonds that bound me, as the Hebrew tore
The puny cords which in his sleep he wore.
—I flew on, gasping, through the chilling air,
Which, like a winter evening, glimmer'd there ;
A gray and melancholy light, that seems
Born only for those dim, mysterious dreams
That haunt the speculator's brain, and grows
At last to darkness, and begets repose.

I stood beside her, (there was mighty space
Between us, though I seem'd to touch the place
Whereon she was,) and she put forth her hand,
And with a look of most supreme command,
But mild as morning, took me to her heart.
—I fainted—died—I know not what ; the smart
Of Death, methought, was on me ; but she smiled,
Like a fond mother o'er her fainting child,
And I arose. I heard that beauty call
Upon me, with a voice so musical,
So deep, and calm, and touching, that had I
Been buried in the chambers of the earth,
I had awoke, and claim'd a lovelier birth.
I listen'd to the music of her sigh,
That came across me, like a summer shower
Freshening the waters, and I blest the power,

Whate'er it was, that drew me to that place,
And let me gaze upon so fair a face.

‘Youth,’—as she spoke, I gloried; ‘you shall see
‘The secrets of the dead. This golden key
‘Opens the wide doors of yon pyramid,
‘Where all the goodness of the past is hid.
‘Wickedness sleeps: but here, beneath my reign,
‘There’s much of happiness, and nought of pain.
‘What there is after, yet you may not know,
‘Nor may I be allow’d—nor can I show.
‘Oh! fear me not: my heart hath lost its chill
‘Towards thee now, but I will love thee still.
‘I am not dreadful, Youth; I—stay your breath
‘And listen to me!—I am called ‘Death.’
‘I am belied, and mock’d, and masqued in bones,
‘And hated by the bad, and, with deep groans,
‘Am worship’d like a dæmon, and with tears,
‘And all the horrid host of human fears.
‘Yet some, for me, will lose themselves in war,
‘And some in revelry, and some in crime,
‘And some, in youth, will court me from afar,
‘Striking the spirit down before its time.
‘I love more gentle visitings, when the good
‘(Aged and young, in numbers—like a flood
‘Majestically flowing in its course)
‘Come to my shadowy dwellings, without force.
‘Those hide I amongst flowers that bloom for ever,
‘Or lay them down by yonder pleasant river,
‘That wanders to the land oblivious.
‘Here shall you rest for ages: even by us
‘Time passes in his round, although his power
‘Is felt not here until the final hour,
‘When this dim land shall vanish, and the sight
‘Open again upon some world of light.

‘ —Come ; thou may’st taste of purer pleasures
yet,
‘ Although thine iced limbs have lost their motion ;
‘ And every sorrow thou wilt here forget,
‘ (Thou hast forgot already, while I speak.)
‘ Here lie, and round thy head the violet
‘ Shall spring, and, in the distance, the blue ocean
‘ Shall roll, and there the moon shall seem to break
‘ From out the clouds, and (for I know the sights
‘ That do delight thee,) that fair scene shall change
‘ From time to time : and then thine eye shall
range
‘ And revel, all amongst ethereal lights,
‘ Starring the blue skies upon moonless nights ;
‘ And brightest colours shall gleam before thine
eye,
‘ And flowers arise, and soft shapes pass thee by ;
‘ And perfumes shall exhale o’er thee, and here
‘ Are songs to charm thy melancholy ear,
‘ As dim and distant as the ‘ cuckoo-bird,’
‘ To whom no mate replies, or that sad tone
‘ Of love, in deep untrodden forests heard,
‘ That cometh from the nightingale alone.’

How fearful were the words the lady spoke.—
At first, her voice upon my sense had broke
So sudden that I started, but at last
It fell and fainted, and, like music past,
Hung in my ear—or some memorial song,
That will not leave us while we walk among
Old scenes,—although they whom we prized of yore
Now live, or haunt those pleasant spots no more.

What further? Nothing. The fair shape was
gone,
And I was on my couch, awake, alone.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its Immortality!
 I saw a vision in my sleep,
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time!
 I saw the last of human mould,
 That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The Earth with age was wan,
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man!
 Some had expir'd in fight,—the brands
 Still rusted in their bony hands;
 In plague and famine some!
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
 And ships where drifting with the dead
 To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood
 As if a storm pass'd by,
 Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis mercy bids thee go:
 For thou ten thousand thousand years
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will ;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day :
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

The spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark ;

Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

Campbell,

WHAT IS LIFE?

AND what is life?—An hour-glass on the run,
A mist, retreating from the morning-sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream,—
Its length?—a minute's pause, a moment's thought:
And happiness?—a bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is hope?—the puffing gale of morn,
That robs each flow'ret of its gem, and dies;

A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is death?—Is still the cause unfound?
That dark, mysterious name of horrid sound?

A long, and ling'ring sleep the weary crave,
And peace?—where can its happiness abound?
Nowhere at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is life?—When stript of its disguise,
A thing to be desir'd it cannot be;
Since ev'ry thing that meets our foolish eyes,
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.

'Tis but a trial all must undergo;
To teach unthankful mortals how to prize
Such happiness vain man's desir'd to know,
Until he's called to meet it in the skies.

Clare.

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

THE Diamond, in its native bed,
Hid like a buried star may lie,
Where foot of man must never tread,
Seen only by his Maker's eye;
And though imbued with beams to grace
His fairest work in woman's face,
Darkling, its fire may fill the void,
Where fix'd at first in solid night,—
Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,
Sparkle one moment into light.

The Plant, up springing from the seed,
 Expands into a perfect flower;
The virgin-daughter of the mead,
 Woo'd by the sun, the wind, the shower;
In loveliness beyond compare,
It toils not, spins not, knows no care;
 Train'd by the secret hand that brings
All beauty out of waste and rude,
 It blooms a season,—dies,—and flings
Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,
 Lends the light Nautilus a form
To tilt along th' Atlantic waves,
 Careless and fearless of the storm;
But should a breath of danger sound,
With sails quick-furl'd it drives profound,
 And far beneath the tempest's path,
In coral grots, defies the foe,
 That never brake, in all his wrath,
The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,
 The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn,
Yet, while in Paradise he sings,
 Looks down upon the quiet lawn,
Where flutters in his little nest
More love than music e'er express'd;
 'Then, though the nightingale may thrill
The soul with keener ecstasy,
 The merry bird of morn can fill
All Nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,
 Coeval with their trees might seem,

As if he drank, from Indian floods,
Life in a renovating stream ;
Ages o'er him have come and fled,
Midst generations born and dead,
His bulk survives,—to feed and range,
Where ranged and fed of old his sires,
Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,
Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
Of every kind, occult or known,
(Each exquisitely form'd to suit
Its humble lot, and that alone,)
Through ocean, earth, and air, fulfil,
Unconsciously, their Author's will,
Who gave, without their toil or thought,
Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed ;
While through the whole his pleasure wrought
Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the master-piece of God,
Man in his Maker's image framed,—
Though kindred to the valley's clod,
Lord of this low creation named,—
In naked helplessness appears,
Child of a thousand griefs and fears ;
To labour, pain, and trouble, born,
Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight, hath he ;—
Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,
And is a king from infancy.

For—him no destiny hath bound
To do what others did before,
Pace the same dull perennial round,
And be a man, and be no more !

A man?—a self-will'd piece of earth,
Just as the lion is, by birth;
To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,
His father's joys and sorrows share,
His niche in nature's temple keep,
And leave his likeness in his heir.

No,—infinite the shades between
The motly millions of our race;
No two the changing moon hath seen
Alike in purpose, or in face;
Yet all aspire beyond their fate;
The least, the meanest would be great;
The mighty future fills the mind,
That pants for more than earth can give;
Man, in this narrow sphere confin'd,
Dies when he but begins to live.

Oh! if there be no world on high
To yield his powers unfetter'd scope!
If man be only born to die,
Whence this inheritance of hope?
Wherefore to him alone were lent
Riches that never can be spent?
Enough—not more—to all the rest,
For life and happiness was given;
To man, mysteriously unblest,
Too much for any state but Heaven.

It is not thus;—it cannot be,
That one so gloriously endow'd
With views that reach eternity,
Should shine and vanish like a cloud :

Is there a God?—All nature shows
There *is*,— and yet no *mortal* knows:

The mind that could this truth conceive,
Which brute sensation never taught,

No longer to the dust would cleave,
But grow immortal at the thought.

Montgomery.

A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf!

A voice in every rill!

A voice that speaketh every where,
In flood and fire, through earth and air;

A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused

Through every thing we see,

That with our spirits communeth

Of things mysterious—Life and Death,

Time and Eternity!

I see Him in the blazing sun,

And in the thunder cloud;

I hear Him in the mighty roar

That rusheth through the forests hoar,

When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, every where,

In all things—darkness, light,

Silence, and sound; but, most of all,

When slumber's dusky curtains fall,

At the dead hour of night.

I feel Him in the silent dew,
By grateful earth betray'd ;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am !)
I've turn'd in sullen mood
From all these things, whereof He said,
When the great whole was finished,
That they were ' very good.'

My sadness on the loveliest things
Fell like unwholesome dew ;
The darkness that encompass'd me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient—slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish, pining discontent,
Acceptance cold or negligent,
And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart—
Not always so—I woke again,
To join Creation's rapturous strain,
' O Lord, how good Thou art !'

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
The glorious sun broke out,
And love, and hope, and gratitude,
Dispell'd that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

INFLUENCE OF HOPE

ON THE HUMAN MIND.

AT summer eve, when Heaven's aërial bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering fields below,
 Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
 Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
 Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
 Thus with delight we linger to survey
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
 Thus from afar each dim-discovered scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been!
 And every form, that Fancy can repair
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
 To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
 Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
 The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
 Ah! no; she darkly sees the fate of man—
 Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
 Or, if she hold an image to the view,
 'Tis nature pictured too severely true.
 With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light
 That pours remotest rapture on the sight;
 Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.
 Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
 On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,

And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aöonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death and every woe
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again—
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Thus while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
away!

Campbell.

THE MOTHER.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,

And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
‘ Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy!
‘ No ling’ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
‘ No sigh that rends thy father’s heart and mine;
‘ Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
‘ In form and soul; but, ah! more bless’d than he!
‘ Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
‘ Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
‘ With many a smile my solitude repay,
‘ And chase the world’s ungenerous scorn away.

‘ And say, when summon’d from the world and
thee,

‘ I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
‘ Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
‘ And soothe my parted spirit ling’ring near?
‘ Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed
‘ The tears of Memory o’er my narrow bed;
‘ With aching temples on thy hand reclin’d,
‘ Muse on the last farewell I leave behind;
‘ Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
‘ And think on all my love, and all my woe?’

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother’s ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murm’ring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his ev’ning prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear and every smile!

How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Campbell.

CHILDHOOD.

THE hour arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd!
The child is born by many a pang endear'd,
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry,
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks, in many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard,
And ever, ever, to her lap, he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling songs she sings;
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

But soon a nobler task demands her care,
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
'Telling of Him who sees in secret there!
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye—now many a written thought

Never to die, with many a lisping sweet
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Releas'd he chases the bright butterfly;
Oh he would follow—follow through the sky!
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane;
Then runs, and kneeling by the fountain side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage; or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings of the coat so long his pride and pleasure,
And like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight.

Ah who, when fading of itself away,
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day!
Now is the May of Life. Careering round,
Joy wings his feet, Joy lifts him from the ground!
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
'These are my jewels!' Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might his language be,
'Suffer these little ones to come to me!'

Rogers.

THE LOVERS.

THE beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face,

Forgot, when first a father's stern controul
Chas'd the gay visions of her opening soul:
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
Bursts through the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance, and swell the choral song;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove,
With Julia's spirit through the shadowy grove,
Gaze with delight on every scene she plann'd,
Kiss every floweret planted by her hand.
Ah! still he trac'd her steps along the glade,
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betray'd
Half-viewless forms; still listen'd as the breeze
Heav'd its deep sobs among the aged trees;
And at each pause her melting accents caught,
In sweet delirium of romantic thought!
Dear was the grot that shunn'd the blaze of day;
She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.
The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,
Murmur'd of Julia's virtues as it fell;
And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,
In Florio's ear breath'd language not its own.
Her charm around the enchantress Memory threw,
A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too!

Rogers.

THE VILLAGE MANSION.

MARK yon old mansion, frowning thro' the trees,
 Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze,
 That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
 First to these eyes the light of heav'n convey'd.
 'The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown
 court,

Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
 When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.
 See through the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
 Where moss inlays the rudely sculptur'd shield,
 The martin's old hereditary nest:
 Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!
 As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
 Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
 That hall, where once in antiquated state,
 The chair of justice held the grave debate.
 Now stain'd with dew, with cobwebs darkly hung,
 Oft has its roof with peels of rapture rung,
 When round the ample board in due degree,
 We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
 The heart's light laugh pursu'd the circling jest,
 And all was sunshine in each little breast;
 'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by its sound,
 And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round;
 'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring,
 And fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing:
 As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
 Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend;
 'The storied arras, source of fond delight,
 With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight;

And still with heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
The screen unfolds its many colour'd chart,
The clock still points its moral to the heart:
That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear!
When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near;
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the cag'd linnet sooth'd my pensive
thought;
Those muskets cas'd with venerable rust;
Those once lov'd forms still breathing through their
dust,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!
As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in ev'ry grove!
How oft when purple evening ting'd the west,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcom'd the wild bee home on wearied wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscrib'd with friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silver'd by the touch of time;
Soar'd in the spring, half pleas'd and half afraid,
Thro' sister elms that wav'd their summer-shade;
Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!
Childhood's lov'd group re-visits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent Mem'ry wakes, and lo! they live!
Cloth'd with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou last, best friend that Heav'n assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;

Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
 When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;
 Thee would the muse invoke!—to thee belong
 The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
 What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
 When o'er the landscape time's weak twilight steals.
Rogers.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

—Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
 Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. *Virg.*

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,
 That pierce the entrance shrill, and wound the tender ear.

AN me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
 To think how modest worth neglected lies,
 While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
 Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
 To sound the praise of merit ere it dies,
 Such as I oft have chaunced to espy
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
 Embower'd in trees and hardly known to fame,
 There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
 They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
 Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent, [shent.
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle wo ;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat
low,
And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd,
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast ;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look
Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy [aghast ;
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy !

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
The noises intermix'd which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel
around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;

Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the harebell that adorns the field ;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust and sad repentance fill'd,
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pour-
The childish faces of old Æol's train, [tray'd,
Libs, Notus, Auster ; these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern God to give his slaves the reign ?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
Where comely Peace of Mind, and decent Order
dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
And, sooth to say, her pupils rang'd around,
Through pious awe did term it passing rare,
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
on ground.

Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;

Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear ;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere ;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens came,
Such favour did her past deportment claim ;
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground,
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew ;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I feign would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
And plaintain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound ;

And marj'ram sweet in shepherd's posie found,
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare
perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied scite, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts ap-
pear.

Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling
dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they
to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,

And tortuous death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should e'er
return.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,
The matron sate: and some with rank she grac'd,
The source of children's and of courtier's pride!
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forwarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold,

Lo, now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay that on their back is seen
St. George's high achievements does declare,

On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I
ween !

Ah ! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !
As erst the bard* by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite ;
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight,
And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see ;
All playful as she sate she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
She meditates a prayer to set him free :
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so, that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shreiks command,
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear !
(Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
Or what device his loud laments explain ?
The form uncouth of his disguised face ?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain ?
When he in abject wise implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And through the thatch his cries each falling stroke
proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast with sore dismay
Attend, and con their task with mickle care ;
By turns astonied, every twig survey,
And from their fellows' hateful wounds beware,
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share ;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet !

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there,
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and chair,
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair ;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving-
breast,
Convulsions intermitting ! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple flower,

Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sullied by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power !
All, all but she, the author of his shame ;
All, all but she, regret this mournful hour ;
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall
claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines ;
And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs :
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be !
But if that pride it be which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames! with nice discernment see
Ye quench not, too, the sparks of nobler fires :
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
(All coward arts) is valour's generous heat ;
The firm fix'd breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul! more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !

Even now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so ;

As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so slow,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this, perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fates incline;
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit the Aöonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, 'What stuff
is here!'

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And Liberty unbars her prison door,
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar:
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes I im-
plore!

For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladie's bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts, where proud Ambition
towers;

Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !
These rudely carol most incondite lay ;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way ;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;
Thilk to the huxter's savoury cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been,
Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er,
Galling full sore the unmonied wight are seen ;
And gooseb'rie, clad in livery red or green ;
And here of lovely dye the Catherine pear,
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween ;
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances
round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, though penury betide ;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown ;
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises
known.*

* Shrewsbury Cakes.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried;
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Amidst the rest may flowers adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their
way. *Shenstone.*

THE PARISH POOR HOUSE.

THERE is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day:
There children dwell, who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there:
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age, with more than childhood-fears!
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve:
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber
flow,

Mix'd with the clamors of the crowd below:
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:

Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from
pride ;

But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance ;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease ;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure ;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die ?

How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death ?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between ;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives
way

To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head ;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

Crabbe.

THE VILLAGE FOUNDLING.

To name an infant met our village sires,
 Assembled all, as such event requires;
 Frequent and full, the rural sages sate,
 And speakers many urg'd the long debate.
 Some hardened knaves who rov'd the country
 round,

Had left a babe within the parish-bound.—
 First of the fact they question'd—Was it true?
 The child was brought—What then remain'd
 to do?

Was't dead or living?—This was fairly proved,
 'Twas pinch'd—it roar'd, and every doubt re-
 mov'd.

Then by what name th' unwelcome guest to call,
 Was long a question, and it posed them all;
 For he who lent a name to babe unknown,
 Censorious men might take it for his own;
 They look'd about, they ask'd the name of all,
 And not one *Richard* answered to the call;
 Next they enquir'd the day when, passing by,
 Th' *unlucky* peasant heard the stranger's cry:
 This known, how food and raiment they might give
 Was next debated, for the rogue would live.
 At last with all their words and work content,
 Back to their homes the prudent vestry went,
 And *Richard Monday* to the work-house sent.
 There was he pinch'd and pitied, thump'd and fed,
 And duly took his beatings and his bread;
 Patient in all controul, in all abuse,
 He found contempt and kicking have their use:

Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow,
A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low;
His pliant soul gave way to all things base,
He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace:
It seem'd, so well his passions he suppress'd,
No feeling stir'd his ever torpid breast:
Him might the meanest pauper bruise and cheat;
He was a foot-stool for the beggar's feet;
His were the legs that ran at all commands;
They used on all occasions Richard's hands:
His very soul was not his own; he stole
As others order'd, and without a dole:
In all disputes, on either part he lied,
And freely pledg'd his oath on either side:
In all rebellions Richard join'd the rest,
In all detections Richard first confess'd:
Yet though disgrac'd, he watch'd his time so well,
He rose in favour, when in fame he fell:
Base was his usage, vile his whole employ,
And all despised and fed the pliant boy.
At length ' 'tis time he should abroad be sent,'
Was whisper'd near him—and abroad he went;
One morn they call'd him, Richard answer'd not;
They doom'd him hanging, and in time forgot;—
Yet miss'd him long, as each, throughout the clan,
Found he had 'better spared a better man.'

Now Richard's talents for the world were fit,
He'd no small cunning, and had some small wit;
Had that calm look which seem'd to all assent,
And that complacent speech which nothing meant.
He'd but one care, and that he strove to hide,
How best for Richard Monday to provide.
Steel through opposing plates the magnet draws,
And steely atoms culls from dust and straws;

And thus our hero, to his int'rest true,
Gold through all bars and from each trifle drew,
But still more surely round the world to go,
This fortune's child had neither friend nor foe.

Long lost to us, at last our man we trace,
Sir Richard Monday died at Monday Place;
His lady's worth, his daughter's we peruse,
And find his grandsons all as rich as Jews:
He gave reforming charities a sum,
And bought the blessings of the blind and dumb;
Bequeath'd to missions money from the stocks,
And Bibles issued from his private box:
But to his native place severely just,
He left a pittance bound in rigid trust;
Two paltry pounds on every quarter's day,
At church produc'd, for forty loaves should pay;
A stinted gift that to the parish shows,
He kept in mind their bounty and their blows.

Crabbe.

FUNERAL OF ISAAC ASHFORD,

A VIRTUOUS PEASANT.

NOBLE he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene;
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question, Isaac look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace,
Truth; simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approv'd,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he lov'd:
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind.

Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refus'd with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caus'd reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd;
Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favour which their neighbours find.
Yet far was he from stoic pride remov'd,
He felt humanely, and he warmly lov'd:
I mark'd his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears stealing down that furrow'd cheek
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew,
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd;
Pride, in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defy'd;
In fact, a noble passion, misnam'd Pride.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim,
Christian and countryman was *all* with him:
True to his church he came, no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
By the strong glare of their new-light direct;

On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would
hide,

And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were
run,

His strength departed, and his labour done;
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more,
But lost his wife, and saw his children poor:
'Twas then a spark of—say not discontent—
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:
'Kind are your laws, 'tis not to be deny'd,
'That in yon house for ruin'd age provide;
'And they are just; when young we give you all,
'And then for comforts in our weakness call;
'Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
'To join your poor, and eat the parish bread?
'But yet I linger, loathe with him to feed,
'Who gains his plenty by the sons of need;
'He who by contract all your paupers took
'And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
'On some old master I could well depend;
'See him with joy, and thank him as a friend;
'But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
'And counts our chances, who at night may die.
'Yet help me Heaven! and let me not complain
'Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain.'

Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he grew,
Daily he plac'd the work-house in his view;
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropp'd expiring, at his cottage gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there :
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honor'd head ;
No more that awful glance on playful wight
Compell'd to kneel, and tremble at the sight ;
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford soften'd to a smile ;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith, to give it force, are there :—
But he is blest, and I lament no more
A wise good man, contented to be poor.

Crabbe.

PHŒBE DAWSON.

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas Fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossom'd there,
When Phœbe Dawson gaily cross'd the green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen ;
Her air, her manners, all who saw, admir'd ;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retir'd ;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd ;
A native skill her simple robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd ;
The lads around admir'd so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gain'd,
Her beauty won them and her worth retain'd ;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wished away ;

Correct in thought, she judg'd a servant's place
 Preserv'd a rustic beauty from disgrace ;
 But yet on Sunday-eve in freedom's hour,
 With secret joy she felt that beauty's power ;
 When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
 That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.—

At length, the youth, ordain'd to move her breast,
 Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd ;
 With looks less timid made his passion known,
 And pleas'd by manners, most unlike her own ;
 Loud though in love and confident though young ;
 Fierce in his air and voluble of tongue ;
 By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
 He serv'd the squire and brush'd the coat he made ;
 Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
 Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board ;
 With her should years of growing love be spent,
 And growing wealth :—She sigh'd and look'd consent.

Now, thro' the lane, up hill, and cross the green,
 (Seen but by few and blushing to be seen—
 Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid,)
 Led by the lover, walk'd the silent maid :
 Slow through the meadows rov'd they, many a
 mile,
 Toy'd by each bank and trifled at each stile ;
 Where, as he painted every blissful view,
 And highly colour'd what he strongly drew,
 The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
 Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears :
 Thus pass'd th' allotted hours, till lingering late,
 The lover loiter'd at the master's gate ;
 'There he pronounc'd adieu ! and yet would stay,
 Till chidden—sooth'd—entreated—forc'd away ;

He would of coldness, though indulg'd, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again ;
When, if his teasing vex'd her gentle mind,
The grief assum'd, compell'd her to be kind !
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more,
Than his presumption had requir'd before :—
Ah ! fly temptation, youth, refrain ! refrain,
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain !

Lo ! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arm sustains,
And seems in patience, striving with her pains ;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled ;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnotic'd from their channels flow ;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain,
Frets the meek soul and then she's calm again ;—
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes ;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause, her anxious soul alarms ;
With water burthen'd, then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay ;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground ;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind, as strength the frame forsakes :

For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.—

And now her path but not her peace she gains,
 Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains.
 Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
 And placing first her infant on the floor,
 She bares her bosom to the wind and sits,
 And sobbing struggles with the rising fits ;
 In vain, they come, she feels th' inflating grief,
 That shuts the swelling bosom from relief ;
 That speaks in feeble cries a soul distress,
 Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress ;
 The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel and flies
 With all the aid her poverty supplies ;
 Unfee'd, the calls of Nature she obeys,
 Not led by profit, not allur'd by praise ;
 And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
 She speaks of comfort and departs in peace.
 Friend of distress ! the mourner feels thy aid,
 She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

But who this child of weakness, want, and care ?
 'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas Fair ;
 Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
 Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies :
 Compassion first assail'd her gentle heart,
 For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart ;
 ' And then his prayers ! they would a savage move,
 ' And win the coldest of the sex to love :—
 But ah ! too soon his looks success declar'd,
 Too late her loss the marriage-rite repair'd ;
 The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
 A captious tyrant or a noisy sot :
 If present, railing, till he saw her pain'd ;
 If absent, spending what their labours gain'd ;
 Till that fair form in want and sickness pin'd,
 And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.

Then fly temptation, youth ; resist, refrain !
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain !

Crabbs.

CRAZY KATE.

PROSPECTS, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade ; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the shelter'd vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us ; happy to renounce awhile,
Not senseless of it's charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,
That hides the seamew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man. His hoary head,
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'd,
And dang'rous to the touch, has yet it's bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble ; there the turf
Smells fresh, and, rich in odorif'rous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd

With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
A serving maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea and died.
Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves
To distant shores ; and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers ; fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never smil'd again ! and now she roams
The dreary waste ; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tatter'd still ; and both but ill conceal
Abosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve ; but needful food,
Tho' press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinch'd with cold, asks never.—Kate is
craz'd. *Cowper.*

LIBERTY.

'TIS Liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil : hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science ; blinds
The eye-sight of discovery, and begets,

In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore, still, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free ;
My native nook of earth ! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapors, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine ;
Thine unadult'rate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From Nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl ;
Yet, being free, I love thee : For the sake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But, once enslav'd, farewell ! I could endure
Chains no where patiently ; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigor of thy fickle clime ;
And if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,

I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere;
In scenes which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will
Of a superior, he is never free.
Who lives, and is not weary of a life
Expos'd to manacles, deserves them well.
The state, that strives for liberty, though foil'd,
And forc'd to abandon what she bravely sought,
Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
And pity for her loss.—

Cowper.

SLAVERY.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful, or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith

Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breath in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Cowper.

THE DYING NEGRO.

ADVERTISEMENT.—This Epistle was occasioned by a fact which had recently happened at the time of its first publication in 1773. A Negro, belonging to the Captain of a West-Indiaman, having agreed to marry a white woman, his fellow-servant, in order to effect his purpose, had left his master's house, and procured himself to be baptised; but being detected and taken, he was sent on board the Captain's vessel, then lying in the River; where, finding no chance of escaping, and preferring death to the West-Indies, he took an opportunity of shooting himself. As soon as his determination is fixed, he is supposed to write this Epistle to his intended wife.

ARM'D with thy sad last gift—the pow'r to die,
 Thy shafts, stern Fortune, now I can defy;
 Thy dreadful mercy points at length the shore,
 Where all is peace, and men are slaves no more;
 —This weapon, ev'n in chains, the brave can wield,
 And vanquish'd, quit triumphantly the field:
 —Beneath such wrongs let pallid Christians live,
 Such they can perpetrate, and may forgive.

Yet while I tread that gulph's tremendous brink,
 Where nature shudders, and where beings sink,
 Ere yet this hand a life of torment close,
 And end by one determin'd stroke my woes,
 Is there a fond regret, which moves my mind
 To pause and cast a ling'ring look behind?
 —O my lov'd bride!—for I have call'd thee mine,
 Dearer than life, whom I with life resign,
 For thee ev'n here this faithful heart shall glow,
 A pang shall rend me, and a tear shall flow—
 How shall I soothe thy grief, since fate denies
 Thy pious duties to my closing eyes?
 I cannot clasp thee in a last embrace,
 Nor gaze in silent anguish on thy face;

I cannot raise these fetter'd arms for thee,
To ask that mercy Heav'n denies to me;
Yet let thy tender breast my sorrows share,
Bleed for my wounds, and feel my deep despair.
Yet let thy tears bedew a wretch's grave,
Whom Fate forbade thy tenderness to save.
Receive these sighs—to thee my soul I breathe—
Fond love in dying groans is all I can bequeath.

Why did I, slave, beyond my lot aspire?
Why didst thou fan the inauspicious fire?
For thee I bade my drooping soul revive;
For thee alone I could have borne to live;
And love, I said, shall make me large amends,
For persecuting foes, and faithless friends:
Fool that I was! enur'd so long to pain,
To trust to hope, or dream of joy again.
Joy, stranger guest, my easy faith betray'd,
And love now points to death's eternal shade;
There while I rest from mis'ry's galling load,
Be thou the care of ev'ry pitying God!
Nor may that dæmon's unpropitious pow'r,
Who shed his influence on my natal hour,
Pursue thee too with unrelenting hate,
And blend with mine the colour of thy fate.
For thee may those soft hours return again,
When pleasure led thee smiling o'er the plain,
Ere, like some hell-born spectre of dismay,
I cross'd thy path, and darken'd all the way.
Ye waving groves, which from this cell I view!
Ye meads, now glitt'ring with the morning dew!
Ye flowers, which blush on yonder hated shore,
That at my baneful step shall fade no more,
A long farewell!—I ask no vernal bloom—
No pageant wreaths to wither on my tomb.

—Let serpents hiss and night-shade blacken there,
To mark the friendless victim of despair !

And better in th' untimely grave to rot,
The world and all its cruelties forgot,
Than, dragg'd once more beyond the Western main,
To groan beneath some dastard planter's chain,
Where my poor countrymen in bondage wait
The slow enfranchisement of ling'ring fate.
Oh ! my heart sinks, my dying eyes o'erflow,
When mem'ry paints the picture of their woe !
For I have seen them, ere the dawn of day,
Rous'd by the lash, begin their cheerless way ;
Greeting with groans unwelcome morn's return,
While rage and shame their gloomy bosoms burn ;
And, chiding ev'ry hour the slow-pac'd sun,
Endure their toils till all his race was run ;
No eye to mark their suff'rings with a tear,
No friend to comfort, and no hope to cheer ;
Then, like the dull unpitied brutes, repair
To stalls as wretched, and as coarse a fare ;
Thank Heav'n one day of misery was o'er,
And sink to sleep, and wish to wake no more.—
Sleep on ! ye lost companions of my woes,
For whom in death this tear of pity flows ;
Sleep, and enjoy the only boon of Heav'n
To you, in common with your tyrants, giv'n !
O while soft slumber from their couches flies,
Still may the balmy blessing steep your eyes !
In sweet oblivion lull awhile your woes,
And brightest visions gladden the repose !
Let Fancy then, unconscious of the change,
Through our own fields and native forests range :
Waft ye to each once-haunted stream and grove,
And visit every long lost scene ye love !

—I sleep no more—nor in the midnight shade,
Invoke ideal phantoms to my aid;
Nor wake again, abandon'd and forlorn,
To find each dear delusion fled at morn;
A slow-consuming death let others wait,
I snatch destruction from unwilling fate:—
Yon ruddy streaks the rising sun proclaim,
That never more shall beam upon my shame;
Bright orb; for others let thy glory shine,
Mature the golden grain and purple vine;
While fetter'd Afric still for Europe toils,
And Nature's plund'ers riot on her spoils;
Be theirs the gifts thy partial rays supply,
Be mine the gloomy privilege to die.

And thou, whose impious avarice and pride
The holy cross to my sad brows deny'd,
Forbade me Nature's common rights to claim,
Or share with thee a Christian's sacred name;
Thou too, farewell!—for not beyond the grave
Extends thy power, nor is my dust thy slave.
In vain Heav'n spreads so wide the swelling sea,
Vast wat'ry barrier, 'twixt thy world and me;
Swift round the globe, by earth nor heav'n control'd,
Fly stern Oppression and dire lust of gold.
Where'er the hell-hounds mark their bloody way,
Still Nature groans, and man becomes their prey;
In the wild wastes of Afric's sandy plain,
Where roars the lion through his drear domain,
To curb the savage monarch in the chace,
There too Heav'n planted Man's majestic race;
Bade Reason's sons with nobler titles rise,
Lift high their brow sublime, and scan the skies.
What though the sun in his meridian blaze
Dart on their naked limbs his scorching rays;

What though no rosy tints adorn their face,
No silken tresses shine with flowing grace ;
Yet of ethereal temper are their souls,
And in their veins the tide of honour rolls ;
And valor kindles there the hero's flame,
Contempt of death, and thirst of martial fame ;
And pity melts the sympathising breast,
Ah ! fatal virtue !—for the brave distress.

My tortur'd bosom, sad remembrance spare !
Why dost thou plant thy keenest daggers there,
And shew me what I was, and aggravate despair ?
Ye streams of Gambia, and thou sacred shade !
Where in my youth's first dawn I joyful stray'd,
Oft have I rous'd, amid your caverns dim,
The howling tyger, and the lion grim ;
In vain they gloried in their headlong force,
My javelin pierc'd them in their raging course.
But little did my boding mind bewray,
The victor and his hopes were doom'd a prey
To human brutes more fell, more cruel far than
they.

Ah ! what avails the conqu'ror's bloody meed,
The gen'rous purpose, or the dauntless deed ?
This hapless breast expos'd on ev'ry plain,
And liberty preferr'd to life in vain ?
Fall'n are my trophies, blasted is my fame,
Myself become a thing without a name,
The sport of haughty lords, and ev'n of slaves the
shame.

Curst be the winds, and curst the tides which bore
These European robbers to our shore !
O be that hour involv'd in endless night,
When first their streamers met my wond'ring
sight !

I call'd the warriors from the mountain's steep,
To meet these unknown terrors of the deep ;
Rous'd by my voice, their gen'rous bosoms glow,
They rush indignant, and demand the foe,
And poise the darts of death, and twang the bended
bow :

When lo ! advancing o'er the sea-beat plain,
I mark'd the leader of a warlike train ;
Unlike his features to our swarthy race,
And golden hair play'd round his ruddy face :
While with insidious smile and lifted hand,
He thus accosts our unsuspecting band :
' Ye valiant chiefs, whom love of glory leads
' To martial combats, and heroic deeds,
' No fierce invader your retreat explores,
' No hostile banner waves along your shores.
' From the dread tempests of the deep we fly,
' Then lay, ye chiefs, these pointed arrows by :
' And O, your hospitable cares extend,
' So may ye never need the aid ye lend !
' So may ye still repeat to ev'ry grove
' The songs of freedom, and the strains of love !'
Soft as the accents of the traitor flow,
We melt with pity, and unbend the bow ;
With lib'ral hand our choicest gifts we bring,
And point the wand'ers to the freshest spring.
Nine days we feasted on the Gambian strand,
And songs of friendship echo'd o'er the land.
When the tenth morn her rising lustre gave,
The chief approach'd me by the sounding wave :
' O, Youth, he said, what gifts can we bestow,
' Or how requite the mighty debt we owe ?
' For lo ! propitious to our vows, the gale
' With milder omens fills the swelling sail ;

‘ To-morrow’s sun shall see our ships explore
‘ These deeps, and quit your hospitable shore :
‘ Yet while we linger, let us still employ
‘ The number’d hours in friendship and in joy ;
‘ Ascend our ships, their treasures are your own,
‘ And taste the produce of a world unknown.’

He spoke; with fatal eagerness we burn,—
And quit the shores, undestin’d to return!
The smiling traitors, with insidious care,
The goblet proffer, and the feast prepare,
Till dark oblivion shades our closing eyes,
And all disarm’d each fainting warrior lies.
O wretches ! to your future evils blind !
O morn ! for ever present to my mind !
When bursting from the treach’rous bands of sleep,
Rous’d by the murmurs of the dashing deep,
I woke to bondage and ignoble pains,
And all the horrors of a life in chains.
Ye Gods of Afric ! in that dreadful hour
Where were your thunders and avenging pow’r !
Did not my pray’rs, my groans, my tears invoke
Your slumb’ring justice to direct the stroke ?
No pow’r descended to assist the brave,
No light’nings flash’d, and I became a slave.
From lord to lord my wretched carcase sold,
In Christian traffic, for their sordid gold :
Fate’s blackest clouds were gather’d o’er my head ;
And, bursting now, they mix me with the dead.

Yet when my fortune cast my lot with thine,
And bade beneath one roof our labours join,
Surpris’d I felt the tumults of my breast
Lull’d by thy beauties to unwonted rest.
Delusive hopes my changing soul enflame,
And gentler transports agitate my frame.

What though obscure thy birth, superior grace
Shone in the glowing features of thy face.
Ne'er had my youth such winning softness seen,
Where Afric's sable beauties dance the green,
When some sweet maid receives her lover's vow,
And binds the offer'd chaplet to her brow.
While on thy languid eyes I fondly gaze,
And trembling meet the lustre of their rays,
Thou, gentle virgin, thou didst not despise
The humble homage of a captive's sighs.
By Heav'n abandon'd, and by man betray'd,
Each hope resign'd of comfort or of aid,
Thy gen'rous love could ev'ry sorrow end,
In thee I found a mistress and a friend ;
Still as I told the story of my woes,
With heaving sighs thy lovely bosom rose ;
The trickling drops of liquid crystal stole
Down thy fair cheek, and mark'd thy pitying soul :
Dear drops ! upon my bleeding heart, like balm
They fell, and soon my tortur'd mind grew calm ;
Then my lov'd country, parents, friends forgot ;
Heav'n I absolv'd, nor murmur'd at my lot ;
Thy sacred smiles could ev'ry pang remove,
And liberty became less dear than love.

And I have lov'd thee with as pure a fire
As man e'er felt, or woman could inspire :
No pangs like these my pallid tyrants know,
Not such their transports, and not such their woe.
Their softer frames a feeble soul conceal,
A soul unus'd to pity or to feel ;
Damp'd by base lucre, and repell'd by fear,
Each nobler passion faintly blazes here.
Not such the mortals burning Afric breeds,
Mother of virtues and heroic deeds !

Descended from yon radiant orb, they claim
Sublimar courage, and a fiercer flame.

Nature has there, unchill'd by art, imprest
Her awful majesty on ev'ry breast.

Where'er she leads, impatient of control,
The dauntless Negro rushes to the goal;
Firm in his love, resistless in his hate,
His arm is conquest, and his frown is fate.

What fond affection in my bosom reigns!
What soft emotions mingle with my pains!
Still as thy form before my mind appears,
My haggard eyes are bath'd in gushing tears;
Thy lov'd idea rushes to my heart,
And stern despair suspends the lifted dart—
O could I burst these fetters which restrain
My struggling limbs, and waft thee o'er the main,
To some far distant shore, where Ocean roars
In horrid tempests round the gloomy shores:
To some wild mountain's solitary shade,
Where never European faith betray'd;
How joyful could I, of thy love secure,
Meet ev'ry danger, ev'ry toil endure!
For thee I'd climb the rock, explore the flood,
And tame the famish'd savage of the wood;
When scorching summer drinks the shrinking
streams,

My care should screen thee from its sultry beams;
At noon I'd crown thee with the fairest flowers,
At eve I'd lead thee to the safest bowers:
And when bleak Winter howl'd around the cave,
For thee his horrors and his storms I'd brave;
Nor snows nor raging winds should damp my soul,
Nor such a night as shrouds the dusky pole;
O'er the dark waves my bounding skiff I'd guide,

To pierce each mightier monster of the tide;
Through frozen forests force my dreadful way,
In their own dens to rouse the beasts of prey;
Nor other blessing ask, if this might prove
How fix'd my passion, and how fond my love.
—Then should vain Fortune to my sight display
All that her anger now has snatch'd away;
Treasures more vast than Av'rice e'er design'd
In midnight visions to a Christian's mind;
The monarch's diadem, the conqu'ror's meed,
That empty prize for which the valiant bleed;
All that Ambition strives to snatch from Fate,
All that the Gods e'er lavish'd in their hate;
Not these should win thy lover from thy arms,
Or tempt a moment's absence from thy charms;
Indignant would I fly these guilty climes,
And scorn their glories as I hate their crimes!

But whither does my wand'ring fancy rove?
Hence, ye wild wishes of desponding love!
—Ah! where is now that voice which lull'd my
woes?

That angel-face, which sooth'd me to repose?
By Nature tempted, and with passion blind,
Are these the joys Hope whisper'd to my mind?
Is this the end of constancy like thine?
Are these the transports of a love like mine?
My hopes, my joys, are vanish'd into air,
And now, of all that once engag'd my care,
These chains alone remain, this weapon and des-
pair.

So be thy life's gay prospects all o'ercast,
All thy fond hopes dire disappointment blast!
'Thus end thy golden visions, son of Pride!
Whose ruthless ruffians tore me from my bride;

That beauteous prize Heav'n had reserv'd at last,
Sweet recompence for all my sorrows past.
O may thy harden'd bosom never prove
The tender joys of friendship or of love !
Yet may'st thou, doom'd to hopeless flames a prey,
In unrequited passion pine away !
May ev'ry transport violate thy rest,
Which tears the jealous lover's gloomy breast !
May secret anguish gnaw thy cruel heart,
'Till Death in all his terrors wing the dart ;
Then, to complete the horror of thy doom,
A favor'd rival smile upon thy tomb.

Why does my ling'ring soul her flight delay ?
Come, lovely maid, and gild the dreary way !
Come, wildly rushing with disorder'd charms,
And clasp thy bleeding lover in thy arms ;
Close his sad eyes, receive his parting breath,
And soothe him sinking to the shades of death !
O come—thy presence can my pangs beguile,
And bid th' inexorable tyrant smile ;
Transported will I languish on thy breast,
And sink enraptur'd to eternal rest :
The hate of men, the wrongs of fate forgive,
Forget my woes, and almost wish to live.
—Ah ! rather fly, lest ought of doubt control
The dreadful purpose lab'ring in my soul ;
Tears must not bend me, nor thy beauties move,
This hour I triumph over fate and love.

Again with tenfold rage my bosom burns,
And all the tempest of my soul returns :
Again the Furies fire my madding brain,
And Death extends his shelt'ring arms in vain ;
For unreveng'd I fall, unpitied die ;
And with my blood glut Pride's insatiate eye !

Thou Christian God ! to whom so late I bow'd,
To whom my soul its new allegiance vow'd,
When crimes like these thy injur'd pow'r prophane,
O God of Nature ! art thou call'd in vain ?
Did'st thou for this sustain a mortal wound,
While heav'n, and earth, and hell, hung tremb'ling
round,

That these vile fetters might my body bind,
And agony like this distract my mind ?
On thee I call'd with reverential awe,
Ador'd thy wisdom, and embrac'd thy law ;
Yet mark thy destin'd convert as he lies,
His groans of anguish, and his livid eyes,
These galling chains, polluted with his blood,
Then bid his tongue proclaim thee just and good !
But if too weak thy vaunted power to spare,
Or suff'rings move thee not, O hear despair !
Thy hopes and blessings I alike resign,
But let revenge, let swift revenge be mine !
Be this proud bark, which now triumphant rides,
Toss'd by the winds, and shatter'd by the tides !
And may these fiends, who now exulting view
The horrors of my fortune, feel them too !
Be theirs the torment of a ling'ring fate,
Slow as thy justice, dreadful as my hate ;
Condemn'd to grasp the riven plank in vain,
And chac'd by all the monsters of the main ;
And while they spread their sinking arms to thee,
Then let their fainting souls remember me !

Thanks, righteous God !—Revenge shall yet be
mine ;
Yon flashing lightning gave the dreadful sign.
I see the flames of heav'nly anger hurl'd,
I hear your thunders shake a guilty world.

The time shall come, the fated hour is nigh,
When guiltless blood shall penetrate the sky.
Amid these horrors, and involving night,
Prophetic visions flash before my sight;
Eternal Justice wakes, and in their turn
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn;
Lo ! Discord, fiercest of th' infernal band,
Fires all her snakes, and waves her flaming brand;
No more proud Commerce courts the western gales,
But marks the lurid skies, and furls her sails ;
War mounts his iron car, and at his wheels
In vain soft Pity weeps, and Mercy kneels ;
He breathes a savage rage through all the host,
And stains with kindred blood the impious coast;
Then, while with horror sick'ning Nature groans,
And earth and heav'n the monstrous race disowns,
Then the stern genius of my native land,
With delegated vengeance in his hand,
Shall raging cross the troubled seas, and pour
The plagues of Hell on yon devoted shore.
What tides of ruin mark his ruthless way!
How shriek the fiends exulting o'er their prey!
I see their warriors gasping on the ground,
I hear their flaming cities crash around.—
In vain with trembling heart the coward turns,
In vain with gen'rous rage the valiant burns.—
One common ruin, one promiscuous grave,
O'erwhelms the dastard, and receives the brave—
For Afric triumphs!—his avenging rage
No tears can soften, and no blood assuage.
He smites the trembling waves, and at the shock
Their fleets are dash'd upon the pointed rock.
He waves his flaming dart, and o'er their plains,
In mournful silence, desolation reigns—

Fly swift, ye years!—Arise, thou glorious morn!
 Thou great avenger of thy race, be born!
 The conqu'ror's palm and deathless fame be thine!
 One gen'rous stroke, and liberty be mine!
 —And now, ye Pow'rs! to whom the brave are dear,
 Receive me falling, and your suppliant hear;
 To you this unpolluted blood I pour,
 To you that spirit which ye gave restore!
 I ask no lazy pleasures to possess,
 No long eternity of happiness;—
 But if unstain'd by voluntary guilt,
 At your great call this being I have spilt,
 For all the wrongs which, innocent, I share,
 For all I've suffer'd, and for all I dare;
 O lead me to that spot, that sacred shore,
 Where souls are free, and men oppress no more!
Day.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE,

IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

[Besides the rivers of Arvé and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mount Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the glaciers the gentiana major grows in immense numbers, with its 'flowers of loveliest blue.']

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above

Deep is the air and dark, substantial black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
'Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worship'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my
thoughts,

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink;
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's Rosy Star, and of the dawn
Coherald! Wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,

From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
'Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?'

Ye icy-falls! Ye that from the mountains brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome
voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye lively flowers that skirt th' eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagle's, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!

Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing
peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard
Shoots downward, glittering thro' the pure serene

Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Coleridge.

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!
O Sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning and for ever bright,
With Heaven's pure fire and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth beyond the power of years!

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of Morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;
The Queen of Heaven forsakes th' etherial plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main;
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the Heavens, immortal and alone!

Who can abide the brightness of thy face,
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race?
The mountain oaks, like their own leaves, decay;
Themselves, the mountains, wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light;
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame!

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;
When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings
dire,

All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;
When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charm the face of nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky and laughs the storm away.

Logan.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

As down Ohio's ever ebbing tide,
Oarless and sailless silently they glide,
How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair,
Was the lone land that met the strangers there!
No smiling villages, or curling smoke,
The busy haunts of busy men bespoke;
No solitary hut, the banks along,
Sent forth blithe Labour's homely rustic song;

No archin gambol'd on the smooth white sand,
Or hurl'd the skipping-stone with playful hand,
While playmate dog plung'd in the clear blue wave,
And swam in vain the sinking prize to save.
Where now are seen along the river side,
Young busy towns, in buxom painted pride,
And fleets of gliding boats with riches crown'd,
To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound ;
Nothing appear'd, but Nature unsubdu'd,
One endless, noiseless, woodland solitude,
Or boundless prairie, that aye seem'd to be
As level, and as lifeless as the sea!
They seem'd to breathe in this wide world alone,
Heirs of the Earth—the land was all their own!
'Twas evening now—the hour of toil was o'er,
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,
And spring upon, and murder them in sleep ;
So through the livelong night they held their way,
And 'twas a night might shame the fairest day,
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,
They car'd not though the day ne'er came again.
The moon high wheel'd the distant hills above,
Silver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove,
That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,
Whisper'd it lov'd the gentle visit well—
That fair-fac'd orb alone to move appear'd,
That zephyr was the only sound they heard.
No deep-mouth'd hound the hunter's haunt betray'd,
No lights upon the shore, or waters play'd,
No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,
To tell the wand'ers man was nestling there ;
While even the froward babe in mother's arms
Lull'd by the scene suppress'd its loud alarms,

And yielding to that moment's tranquil sway,
Sunk on the breast, and slept its rage away;
All, all, was still, on gliding bark and shore,
As if the Earth now slept to wake no more;
Life seem'd extinct, as when the World first smil'd,
Ere Adam was a dupe, or Eve beguil'd.

In such a scene the soul oft walks abroad,
For silence is the energy of God!
Not in the blackest tempest's midnight scowl,
The earthquake's rocking or the whirlwind's howl,
Not from the crashing thunder-rifted cloud,
Does his immortal mandate speak so loud,
As when the silent night around her throws
Her star-bespangled mantle of repose;
Thunder and whirlwind, and the earth's dread shake,
The selfish thoughts of man alone awake;
His lips may prate of Heaven, but all his fears
Are for himself, though pious he appears.
But when all Nature sleeps in tranquil smiles,
What sweet yet lofty thought the Soul beguiles!
There's not an object 'neath the moon's bright beam,
There's not a shadow dark'ning on the stream,
There's not a star that jewels yonder skies,
Whose bright reflection on the water lies,
'That does not in the lifted mind awake
Thoughts that of Love and Heaven alike partake;
While all its newly waken'd feelings prove,
That Love is Heaven, and God the Soul of Love.
In such sweet times the spirit rambles forth
Beyond the precincts of this grov'ling Earth,
Expatriates in a brighter world than this,
And plunging in the Future's dread abyss,
Proves an existence separate, and refin'd,
By leaving its frail tenement behind,

So felt our Basil, as he sat the while,
Guiding his boat beneath the noonbeam's smile,
For there are thoughts, which God alike has giv'n,
To high and low—and these are thoughts of Heav'n,
Paulsen.

PICTURE OF RURAL LIFE.

COME, take thy stand upon this gentle ridge,
Which overlooks yon sweet secluded vale ;
Before us is a rude and rustic bridge,
A simple plank ; and by its side a rail
On either hand, to guide the footsteps frail
Of first or second childhood ; while below
The murmuring brooklet tells its babbling tale,
Like a sweet under-song, which, in its flow,
It chanteth to the flowers that on its margin grow.

For many a flow'ret blossoms there to bless
The gentle loveliness whose charms imbue
Its border ;—strawberry of the wilderness ;
The star-like daisy ; violet brightly blue ;
Pale primrose, in whose cup the pearly dew
Glistens till noon-tide's languid listless hour ;
And last of all, and sweetest to the view,
The lily of the vale, whose virgin flower
Trembles at every breeze within its leafy bower.

Now glance thine eye along the streamlet's banks
Up through yon quiet valley ; thou wilt trace
Above, the giant mountains in their ranks,
Of bold and varied outline ; little space
Below their summits, far above their base

Umbrageous woods! and last of all, thine eye
Will rest on many an humble dwelling-place
Of happy human beings; and descry
The lowly temple where they worship the Most
High.

How quietly it stands within the bound
Of its low wall of gray, and mossy stone!
And like a shepherd's peaceful flock around
Its guardian gather'd,—graves, or tombstones
strown,
Make *their* last narrow resting-places known,
Who living, lov'd it as a holy spot;
And, dying, made their deep attachment shown
By wishing here to sleep when life was not,
That so their turf, or stone, might keep them un-
forgot!

It is a bright and balmy afternoon,
Approaching unto even-tide; and all
Is still except that streamlet's placid tune,
Or hum of bees, or lone wood-pigeon's call,
Buried amid embow'ring forest tall,
Which feathers, half way up, each hill's steep
side:
Dost thou not feel such landscape's soothing thrall;
And wish, if not within its bowers t' abide,
At least to explore its haunts, and know what joys
they hide?

Nor need'st thou wish a truer luxury
Than in its depths, delighted, thou might'st share;
I will not say that nought of agony,
Blest as it is, at times may harbour there,

For man is born to suffer, and to bear:—

But could I go with thee, from cot to cot,
And show thee how this valley's inmates fare,

Thou might'st confess, to live in such a spot,
And die there in old age, were no unlovely lot.

Barton.

NUTTING.

———— It seems a day,
One of those heavenly days which cannot die,
When forth I sallied from our cottage-door,
And with a wallet o'er my shoulder slung,
A nutting crook in hand, I turn'd my steps
Towards the distant woods, a Figure quaint,
Trick'd out in proud disguise of beggars weeds
Put on for the occasion, by advice
And exhortation of my frugal Dame.
Motley accoutrements! of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, and, in truth,
More ragged than need was. Among the woods,
And o'er the pathless rocks, I forc'd my way
Until, at length, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Droop'd with its wither'd leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation, but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,
A virgin scene!—a little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in; and with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet; or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I play'd:

A temper known to those, who, after long
And weary expectation, have been bless'd
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.—
—Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons re-appear
And fade, unseen by any human eye,
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
For ever, and I saw the sparkling foam,
And with my cheek on one of those green stones
That, fleec'd with moss, beneath the shady trees,
Lay round me scatter'd like a flock of sheep,
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease, and, of its joy secure
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragg'd to earth both branch and bough, with
crash

And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower
Deform'd and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being: and unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Even then, when from the bower I turn'd away,
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees and the intruding sky.—

Then, dearest Maiden! move along these shades
In gentleness of heart, with gentle hand
Touch,—for there is a Spirit in the woods.

Wordsworth.

AUTUMN.

NAY, William, nay, not so ; the changeful year
 In all its due successions to my sight
 Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
 All in their season good. These fading leaves
 That with their rich variety of hues
 Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
 So beautiful, in you awake the thought
 Of winter, cold, drear winter ; when these trees
 Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
 Its bare brown boughs ; when not a flower shall
 spread
 Its colours to the day, and not a bird
 Carol its joyance,—but all nature wear
 One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
 To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
 To me their many-coloured beauties speak
 Of times of merriment and festival,
 The year's best holiday : I call to mind
 The school-boy days, when in the falling leaves
 I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
 Of coming Christmas, when at morn I took
 My wooden kalendar, and counting up
 Once more its often-told account, smooth'd off
 Each day with more delight the daily notch.
 To you the beauties of the autumnal year
 Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
 Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broke,
 Bending beneath the burden of his years,
 Sense-dull'd and fretful, ' full of aches and pains,'
 Yet clinging still to life. To me they show

The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless; you in this fair world
See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth, and water full of living things
Each on the other preying; and the ways
Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh my friend
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and tumults of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! all things then
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonized, and thou shouldst feel
God, always, every-where, and all in all.

Southey.

A SERENE WINTER'S NIGHT.

How beautiful this Night! The balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon
 vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread

To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
 Yon darksome walls, whence icicles depend
 So stainless, that their white and glittering spears
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time worn tower
 So idly, that wrapt Fancy deemeth it
 A metaphor of Peace,—all form a scene
 Where musing Solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
 Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone,
 So cold, so bright, so still!——

Shelley.

HEAVEN.

O HEAVEN!—O beautiful and boundless sky!
 Upon whose breast stars and pale planets lie,
 Unnumbered and innumerable, ever
 Mocking with bright'ning eyes man's vain endeavour!—

Thou radiant wilderness, through which the moon
 Moves like a spirit, without voice or tune
 Accompanied, or song or choral shout,
 Save what the universal spheres send out
 For aye,—inaudible, though vast and deep,—
 Thou world of worlds, within whose arms the sun
 Awakens; and, when his bright task is done,
 Like a reposing child, lies down to sleep,
 Amongst thy golden bowers!——

—— O gentle Heaven!

Art thou indeed the home,—the happy shore,
 Where creatures wearied of this earth are driven,—

Where Hate is not,—where Envy cannot soar,
And nought save unimaginable Love,
And tenderest Peace (a white and winged dove),
And beauty and perennial bloom are seen,
And angels breathing in Elysian air
Divinest music, and young shapes, more fair
Than Houris pacing soft through pathways ever
green!—

Barry Cornwall.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN,

O THOU vast Ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this; nor chance nor
change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes, the weekly tenants range
At will, and wound his bosom as they go.
Ever the same it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated round the seasons come
And pass like visions to their viewless home,

And come again and vanish: the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
And the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken when the Summer flies.
—Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with
Heaven!

Thou trackless and immeasurable main!
On thee no record ever lived again
To meet the hand that writ it; line nor lead
Hath ever fathom'd thy profoundest deeps,
Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who 'tis said
Can move the mighty ocean into storm.—
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element;
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
'Eternity, Eternity, and Power.'

Barry Cornwall.

DESCRIPTION OF A SHIPWRECK.

From the Second Canto of "Don Juan."

AGAIN the weather threatened—again blew
 A gale, and in the fore and after hold
 Water appeared; yet though the people knew
 All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
 Until the chains and leathers were worn through
 Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she roll'd,
 At mercy of the waves—whose mercies are
 Like human beings during civil war.

* * * * *

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is masked but to assail:
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
 And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
 With little hope in such a rolling sea,
 A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
 If any laughter at such times could be,
 Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
 And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
 Half epileptical, and half hysterical:
 Their preservation would have been a miracle.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave:
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

All the rest perished; near two hundred souls
Had left their bodies!——

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'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
Though on the waves high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze;
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And made them bale without a moment's ease,
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boat still
Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast:
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpass'd,
They griev'd for those who perish'd with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit casks and butter.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale: to run
Before the sea, until it should grow fine,
Was all that for the present could be done;
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
Were served out to the people, who begun
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion;

They did the best to modify their case,
One half sate up, though numb'd with the im-
mersion,
While t'other half were laid down in their place,
At watch, and watch;——

* * * * *

—— The third day there came on a calm,
And though at first their strength it might renew,
And, lying on their weariness like balm,
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

The consequence was easily forseen——

They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
In spite of all remonstrances, and then

On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?
They hop'd the wind would rise, these foolish men!

And carry them to shore, these hopes were fine,
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child;
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild——
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)
What could they do? and hunger's rage grew
wild:

So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was kill'd and portion'd out for present eating.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied)
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
Blister'd and scorch'd, and stagnant on the sea
They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not; savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food—and you might see
The longings of the cannibal arise,
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer
knew,

'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

But ere they came to this, they that day shar'd
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes;
And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,
And none to be the sacrifice would choose!

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'The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed

In silent horror, and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

He but requested to be bled to death:

The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
You hardly could perceive when he was dead.

* * * * *

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains;
But being thirstiest at the moment, he
Preferr'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins:
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
And such things as the entrails and the brains,
Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow—
'The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
Who were not quite so fond of animal food,
To these was added Juan, who, before
Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
Feel now his appetite increased much more;
'Twas not to be expected that he should,
Even in extremity of their disaster,
Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

'Twas better that he did not ; for, in fact,
 The consequence was awful in the extreme ;
 For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
 Went raging mad—Lord ! how they did blas-
 pheme !

And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
 Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,
 Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swear-
 And with hyæna laughter, died despairing. [ing,

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,
 And all the rest were thin enough, heaven knows ;
 And some of them had lost their recollection,
 Happier than they who still perceived their woes ;
 But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
 As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
 Who had already perish'd——

* * * * *

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
 For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks
 of earth

When dried to summer dust ; till taught by pain,
 Men really know not what good water's worth ;
 If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,

Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your birth,
 Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
 You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer
 Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
 Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
 And when they deem'd its moisture was complete

They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher
Might not have thought the scanty draught so
sweet

As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd:
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were
black——

* * * * *

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,

But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, 'Heaven's will be
done

'I can do nothing,' and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,

Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;

Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never rais'd

His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam

From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was
 come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glaz'd,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last,
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast ;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark
 sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue ;
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then chang'd like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

It changed, of course ; a heavenly cameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,

With twilight it again came on to blow,
But not with violence; the stars shone out,
The boat made way; yet now they were so low,
They knew not where nor what they were about;
Some fancied they saw land, and some said 'No!'
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to
doubt—

Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,
And all mistook about the latter once.

As morning broke the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out, and swore
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wish'd that land he never might see more;
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for
shore;

For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

And then of these some part burst into tears
And others looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further care;
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some
years)—

And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep; they shook them by the hand and head
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
And by good fortune gliding softly, caught her,
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind

Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind:
They thought that in such perils, more than chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it: they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been toss'd,
So changeable had been the winds that blew:
Some thought it was Mount *Ætna*, some the high-
lands
Of *Candia*, *Cyprus*, *Rhodes*, or other Islands.

Meantime the current with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like *Charon's* bark of spectres, dull and pale:
Their living freight was now reduced to four,
And three dead, whom their strength could not
avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and
dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd them to
Such things a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew;
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down *Pedrillo* with salt-water.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen,
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forests tops and smooth'd the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a skreen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and
bare—

Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves ; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay :
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore, and overset her.

* * * * *

Byron.

DISTRESS.

Is there a Muse will her assistance lend
To him who wants a patron and a friend ?
Is there among the gay and sprightly Nine,
Who on Distress will condescend to shine
With ray indulgent ? Then I'd soar and sing,
Though Penury's hard hand hath clipt my wing,
Humbly I've urged my suit to every Muse ;
All turn disdainful and my suit refuse :

How shall I tune, forlorn, the mournful reed,
While my heart sickens, and my sorrows bleed?

Some gentle Spirit whispers in my ear,
'Produce the song,'—'Suppress it,' says Despair,
The gentle Spirit's whisper I obey,
And to his care commit my feeble lay,

Far from the seats of Affluence and of Ease,
Where Plenty riots, and soft sonnets please;
Where Mirth's associates in the banquet join,
And quaff the richness of Burgundia's vine,
Distress, recluse, a batter'd cottage finds,
That yields no shelter from tempestuous winds,
Whose creviced walls admit the driven snow;
And mark the tenant for a child of woe;
Their flimsy texture spiders here extend,
And crickets here their notes with screech-owls
blend:

Here hunger ravens; hence sweet rest retires;
Hence comforts vanish; and here hope expires;
This dire abode no traveller ventures near;
No brisk associates—for no banquet's here;
Yet her associates pale Distress can name:
Hunger and Thirst, Contempt and honest Shame,
With anxious Care, and gloomy Solitude,
(All guests unwelcome) on her cot intrude.

Hunger and Thirst on cold Distress await,
And threaten Famine in her small retreat;
These to the rich a transient visit pay;
Plenty relieves them, and they haste away;
But with the poor their residence is long,
Their presence painful, and their cravings strong:
'Give bread! Give water!'—but in vain they
cry;
The shelf is empty, and the fountain dry:

No pleas avail that Poverty suggests,
To appease the tumult of her irksome guests ;
She schemes, she wishes, their demands to grant,
And says, ' To-morrow shall supply their want :'
' To-morrow !' both with angry haste reply,
' Give, give us now, or else to-night you die !'

Contempt, foul fiend, the base-born child of Pride,
Begot by Folly, and to Hell allied,
Thro' strange perverseness meek Distress pursues,
And all her woes with cruel pleasure views.
Quick from her eye disdain (a poison'd dart)
Flies off oblique, and wounds her broken heart :
Hunger and Thirst, have painful pointed stings,
But sly Contempt, a tenfold sorrow brings,
And brings it, laden with a tenfold weight,
On those who sink to worse from better state.
Whose eye contemptuous keenest flashes sends ?
His, whom we number'd once among our friends.
Whose brow reveals the most disgusting scorn ?
His, but our equal, or inferior born.
Whose venom'd tongue excites our saddest tears ?
His, whom we once sustain'd in happier years.

Can this foul fiend, the base-born child of Pride,
In any, but the rankest breast reside ?
The formal Saint, who carries in his face
The serious picture of internal grace ;
Who pleads the orphan's and the widow's cause,
With seeming pity, and with self applause ;
Whose lips the law of charity can teach,
And love and friendship most devoutly preach !
Who censures pride with hypocritic zeal,
And paints its downfall in a whining tale ;
Who for the wretched heaves an artful sigh,
And gives Distress, the tribute of his eye ;

Pleads, pities, preaches, censures, weeps, and sighs,
Yet is no saint ; but Satan in disguise :
A man like this, within his heart provides
A filthy corner, where the fiend resides ;
If to this Saint, some wretch presents his suit,
Out starts the fiend, and strikes the suppliant
mute.

Shame, such as ne'er the splendid villian graced,
Flushes the cheek of competence debased :
The blush that joins in low Distress's train,
Springs not from guilt, but witnesses to pain,
A conscious pain excited by despair,
At thought of what we are, and what we were :
Reflection traces life's smooth seasons gone,
And mourns the former pleasing scenes withdrawn ;
Forward it looks, and gloomy clouds arise
That threaten danger, and create surprise ;
Peculiar hardships mark the steps of those
Who pass from comfort to Distress and woes.

What anxious cares the poor man's bosom vex,
In dreams torment him, and by day perplex !
The poor, I mean, whose prosperous noon is past ;
Whose adverse night draws on with winged haste :
What various schemes his busy thoughts devise
To ward off Want, and silence Nature's cries !
How small the pittance yesterday supplied !
To-day a smaller pittance is denied ;
He hopes to-morrow will more liberal be,
But proves the greatest niggard of the three.
Less anxious thoughts, his mind would discom-
pose,

Were none the partners of his daily woes ;
Had he been doom'd to bear the load alone,
This mournful verse the world had never known ;

The wretch dejected had in secret sigh'd
Beneath his burden, and in secret died :
But tender pledges of connubial love
Partake his wants, and all his pity move :
Their mother's joy—their mother now no more,
To see—to feel—their sorrows, and deplore—

Turn from this scene, my soul, awhile, and sigh,
And lift to heaven the hand—the heart—the eye !
Then to this scene, blest shade ! I'll turn again,
And solemnize thy death in plaintive strain.

Father of mercies ! whose indulgent ear
Is always open to an humble prayer !
Whose pity sees, whene'er thy creatures grieve ;
Whose bounteous hands their indigence relieve !
O ! for His sake, whose lips with grace replete,
Successful plead before thy mercy-seat ;
Pour down thy blessings on the sons of need,
Who at thy throne for blessings intercede !
Their fears remove, their pressing wants supply,
And guide their feet through life with watchful eye,
To their sad hearts restore departed joy,
So shall thy praise their grateful tongues employ.

To poor Distress sad Solitude repairs,
And with her broods in silence o'er her fears ;
While to the rich base parasites resort,
And at the shrine of Mammon make their court :
Who turn their footsteps to the moss-spread door,
Where sit and pine the solitary poor !
Shunn'd by the proud with no less timorous care,
Than flies the unwounded from the stricken deer.

Is there among the opulent and great,
Who deign to enter poverty's retreat !
Is there who makes the Christian name his boast,
But to the virtues of a Christian lost ?

Some few there are, how bless'd and honour'd they !
Who hear the Saviour's precepts,* and obey ;
Who feed the hungry with a heart benign ;
Who give refreshment when the thirsty pine ;
Who grant the stranger shelter from the storm ;
Who clothe the naked, and the frost-nipt warm ;
The sick who visit with humane intent,
And seek the cottage where the poor lament ;
To these kind, bless'd, and honour'd few, I raise
An humble column of unfeigned praise ;
Above the rest, if one in goodness shines,
To whom my muse inscribes these artless lines,
Benevolus is he—the friend unsought,
Whose soul with every lovely virtue's fraught.

Now, my sad soul, life's former scenes revise ;
Compare the summer with the winter skies !—
Ye halcyon days ! O ! why for ever fled ?
Why beats the storm on this devoted head ?
O ! that I were, as in bright seasons gone,
When God† with favour on my dwelling shone !
When by his light I walk'd through darksome ways,
And peace and safety crown'd my youthful days ;
When Plenty's hand my homely table spread,
And Rest her roses scatter'd on my bed !
When Hunger's plaint ne'er pierced a father's ear,
Nor children's wants drew forth a mother's tear !

Now sights of anguish meet my weeping eyes,
And prospects dreary all around me rise,
The infant's moan a parent's heart pervades,
Who, in their looks, their wants with sorrow reads ;
Reads, in such lines as eloquence excel,
The woes and wishes that their bosoms swell.

* See Matthew, xxv. 35, &c.

† See Job, xxix. 2, 3, &c.

Will Heaven the shaggy lion's young supply,
 And hear, and feed the ravens when they cry?
 Yet leave the human offspring to complain,
 To sigh—to weep—to supplicate—in vain.
 Sooner shall whirlwinds rock the sea to rest,
 And mothers stab their sucklings at the breast;
 Sooner shall tigers from the desert rove,
 And wander harmless through the festive grove;
 Sooner the leopard change his spotted side;
 A feather sooner stem the rapid tide;
 Sooner the moor efface his sable hue;
 And sooner earth be deluged with a dew;
 Than God his timely succours shall withhold
 From babes oppress'd with hunger, thirst, and
 cold.

Where is the bounty of the sons of Wealth,
 Whom Heaven hath bless'd with opulence and
 health? [weep?]
 Where is the eye that ' weeps with those who
 Where the soft voice that lulls Distress asleep?
 Where the kind hand?—the sympathizing heart
 To feel another's woe, and joy impart?—
 Bounty is fled, and seeks her native sky,
 And pitying tears forsake the human eye;
 No strains to lull distress—the soothing voice
 Is drown'd in giddy Mirth's tumultuous noise;
 Flinty those hearts that once with pity flow'd;
 Clos'd now the hands that Christian alms bestow'd!
 O, Heaven; send bounty back from where she's
 fled!

Let eyes relenting tears of pity shed!
 Let the soft voice to sorrow comfort give!
 The heart be melted, and the hand relieve!
 Then will of wretches the most wretched own,

That Charity on earth has fix'd her throne :
'Tis fix'd on earth—I feel her gentle sway,
And humbly at her shrine my homage pay.

Straight from thine altar, Charity, shall rise
The smoke of incense, and perfume the skies !
Incense of Gratitude, which fragrance yields,
Surpassing citron-groves or spicy fields ;
Accept the offering which I bring to thee,
Thou fairest sister of the lovely three !
My needy hands no costly tribute hold ;
No bright oblation of Peruvian gold ;
Yet I present what thou wilt ne'er despise,
—A grateful heart in willing sacrifice—
A grateful heart is all I have to give ;
O ! Charity benign ! that all receive !

Now on that scene, reflect my faithful muse,
Nor to the dead a sigh—a tear refuse—
To that sad scene Death's blacken'd pencil wrought,
My soul returns in melancholy thought.

Come, Contemplation, from thy much-loved
shades,
Which scarce a ray of Summer's noon pervades !
Quit for awhile thy consecrated cave,
And pay with me a visit to the grave !
Come, solemn Night, in deepest sable clad !
Come, join the train, with silence ever sad !
Come, sit with me beneath yon baleful yew,
And see my sorrows pass in slow review !
On ' joys departed, never to return,'
My soul depress'd shall meditate—and mourn ;
First mourn ' departed joys,' and then review
My scenes of woe from yonder baneful yew.

Once my fond heart with secret rapture glow'd ;
Once, like a stream, my bosom bliss o'erflow'd :

Nor thought my rapture like a fleeting dream ;
Or my bliss transient as the flowing stream :
Delusive world ! who on thy smiles presume,
Rear, unexpected, for their hopes a tomb—
Once prosperous suns around me lustre shed,
Now set these suns, and all their rays are fled ;
What friends and friendship meant, of old, I knew ;
How cold that friendship now ! those friends how
few !

As fickle flowers, beneath a vernal sky,
Bloom and are fragrant, but in winter die ;
So, when in life, wealth's store our wishes meets,
Friendship shall flourish, and diffuse its sweets ;
Let the scene shift, and poverty ensue,
Friendship withdraws, and scarcely bids, Adieu !

Once sacred friendship, kindled into love,
Made all my hours with soft endearments move ;
Heaven gave a wife—to me—to Heaven endear'd,
Who all my comforts and my sorrows shar'd ;
But Heaven resumed her to the world of bliss,
And left me lonely to lament in this.

Now to yon yew I turn my weary feet,
Where Silence, Night, and Contemplation meet ;
With these companions, suited to my taste,
The grave I visit where her ashes rest ;
Rest in firm hope to rise to life divine,
When earth and seas shall all their dead resign.
There I repose, and in calm sadness there
Pour on her dust a tributary tear :
Nor shall my soul, while there for her I weep,
Forget the children* fallen in death asleep :
Though first my tears a mother's grave bedew,
Yet I retain some tender drops for you.

* Three of the Author's children lie buried near their mother.

These branches, blasted by the tainting breath
Of languid sickness, and relentless death,
How droop'd my heart ! my fainting spirit said,
' Youths spring like flowers, and soon like flowers
they fade ;'

But when the stock which those fair branches bore,
Wither'd and died, my hopes were then no more :
Yet calm reflection bids my hopes revive,
For truth asserts, ' The tree cut down shall live,'*
And all its branches, now decay'd and dead,
Again shall shoot and with new verdure spread.
Haste, glorious morn ! when from thy fertile tomb,
These all shall rise, and bear eternal bloom :
And when yon yew shall lose its green, and die,
Ye shall reflourish, evergreens on high.

When at your graves I shed the friendly tear
How empty all terrestrial things appear !
Then would my soul with transport soar above,
To realms of life, light, liberty, and love.
Ye gay, who flutter in the brilliant ball,
Nor hear when Reason, and when Conscience, call,
Return'd from thence, some cemetery tread,
And wisdom learn among the silent dead !

Close by the graves where your loved relics rest,
Let my cold limbs by some kind hand be placed !
If, when my eyes are by Death's signet seal'd,
Some hand of Friendship will that kindness yield ;
Peace to that friend who with my wish complies,
And peace attend his manes, whene'er he dies !

See ! Morn, awaked, unfolds her purple eye,
And bids old Night these dreary regions fly !
The noisy world, from Morpheus' chains let loose,
Warns sober Silence to her still recluse ;

* See Job, xiv, 7, 8, &c.

The din confused of ever busy men,
Sends Contemplation to her cave again:
With them I leave the baneful yew and tomb,
And now the subject of Distress resume.

Say, from what curs'd, from what polluted spring,
Flow the sharp sorrows which I mournful sing!
Than follow these in all their devious course,
Sooner my feet might trace Nile's hidden source,
The secret motions of a restless soul,
What eye can search, what finite power controul?
From the foul heart, where pride and malice dwell,
With every vice that bears the stamp of hell,
Corrupted actions, as by instinct flow,
And make the world a seat of sin and woe:
But who suspects a treacherous deed from those
Whom the fair robes of sanctity inclose!
Prudence against an open foe may shield,
And caution guides us in the dangerous field:
With those who friendship's specious vizard wear,
Unarm'd we walk, because we nothing fear:
The dart that deepest to my bosom went,
Flew from the bow pretended friendship bent.

As some poor wretch whose little crazy boat
By cruel hands is set in storms afloat,
And soon by boist'rous winds and waves is tost
Far from the covert of a sheltering coast,
Sees the shore lessen, and the billows rise,
And watery ruin spreads before his eyes;
While the base authors of his sudden woe
Stand on the beach, nor signs of pity show:
So in a painful, unexpected hour,
By holy cunning and religious power,
My feeble bark to sea was push'd, to meet
The waves that life's wide shore with fury beat:

And the same craft, the same opposing hand
That push'd it off, prevents its reaching land.

Strangers to want! of every good possest,
That makes mankind, or seems to make them blest!
Whose golden stores the poor man's mites exceed,
Whose wealth abounds beyond a creature's need;
Whose purse commands the dainties of the West,
And silken vestments of the splendid East;
Whose tables smoke with every varied dish,
From high-sauced venison to the luscious fish;
Amidst the countless treasures of your hoard;
Amidst the plenty that regales your board;
Strangers to want! while with such affluence
fraught,

Spare ye the poor a pittance, or a thought?
Strangers to want! can ye, presumptuous, say,
No clouds shall rise to overcast your day?
Time past hath proved how fleeting riches are,
Time future to this truth may witness bear;
By means no human wisdom can foresee,
Or power prevent, a sudden change may be:
War, in its route, may plunder all your store,
And leave you friendless, desolate, and poor;
Your spacious lands, possess'd by tenure fair,
Earthquakes may swallow, and thus bar the heir;
Your wealth entrusted to the treacherous sea,
May sink, or fall to pirates' hands a prey:
Your all the flames may waste, or lawless men:
Strangers to want! shall ye be strangers then?
Since so precarious all you now enjoy,
A treasure seek which nothing can destroy!

Should earthquakes, flames, war, seas, and pi-
rates spare,
Still there is one will strip the wealthy bare:

Death—King of Terrors, whose despotic sway
The mortal race reluctantly obey,
Distinction levels, when his bow he bends,
And all the noble with the ignoble blends ;
With hand impartial strikes the fated blow,
And lays mankind in common ruin low :
Inspect the dust, o'er which the marble weeps ;
Inspect the ashes, where the peasant sleeps ;
And say, what difference in the putrid earth
That form'd the vulgar and the man of birth :
Hence let false pride instructive lessons learn,
And hence the folly of contempt discern.

One is our parent, and that parent good,
Whose numerous children claim an equal blood,
From India's savage and the Scythian wild,
To Europeans and the fondled child ;
Though all from one original descend,
And all promiscuous to one exit tend ;
Yet in their passage through life's chequer'd state,
What various scenes their various roads await !
With restless steps some honour's heights attain,
While others, humble, tread the lowly plain ;
Some seek the vale, and dangerous summits shun ;
In devious paths some stray and are undone.
Nor is their lot less different than their ways,
Some walk in gloomy, some in gilded days ;
Their lot unequal, though their parent good ;
Perplexing truth ! how little understood !
Unequal lot, as judges reason blind ;
But just and equal in the eternal mind :
Though Vice high honours and rewards may reap,
And Virtue sit disconsolate and weep ;
Yet let not man, at random, hence conclude,
The heavenly Parent is not just and good ;

But rest, with patience rest, in whate'er sphere
The will of Providence hath placed him here,
And patient wait, till God shall in the end
Unfold, what man now cannot comprehend.

Though Heaven, all-wise, hath mark'd me for
Distress,

May Heaven, all-good, my fellow mortals bless!
May none through Earth's wide peopled regions
know

What ills from friendless poverty will flow!
What storms await prosperity's decline,
And what dread anguish dwells with woes like mine.
And may the children of my warmest prayer
Heaven's daily favour and protection share!
Almighty Father! shield them with thine arm;
Their feet preserve from vanity and harm!
Their steps direct with ever-watchful eye,
And let thy bounty all their wants supply!
From sins and snares, and sorrows keep them free,
And may their souls for succour fly to thee!
For them my heart in fond affection sighs,
And tears for them in secret cloud my eyes;
Their smiles of innocence with joy I view,
And hear their prattle with a pleasure new;
But when my fears anticipate their woes,
My heart no longer joy and pleasure knows:
O! may his hand, whose Providence is good,
Give for their bodies, raiment, rest, and food!
And to their souls impart his needful grace,
To do his will, and early seek his face!
In hopes of this my fainting spirits rise,
And bid farewell to all beneath the skies.

Will the cold grave afford a quiet rest
To all who drop, by want and woe oppress?—

Hail! peaceful chamber, where the weary sleep;
 Where slanderous tongues perpetual silence keep;
 Where harrass'd slaves shake off the galling chain,
 And where Distress forgets her every pain;
 Where tears no more descend from sorrow's eye;
 Where the sad heart no longer vents a sigh.
 Thou hallow'd refuge! still abode of peace!
 Where dangers reach not, and where troubles cease,
 Thy portals open, and admission give
 The wretch to whom 'tis misery to live!
 Who deem thee cruel are to reason blind;
 O! grant me shelter—and I'll call thee kind!

From themes distressful, seen and heard by few,
 I pass to scenes that meet a kingdom's view;
 Scenes, where Distress, an awful shade, appears,
 And asks the tribute of a flood of tears.

Could my muse, pinion'd, spread her wings,
 and fly

From Albion's borders to the Western sky,
 Beneath whose ample arch, of structure strong,
 The vast Atlantic rolls his waves along;
 There would she seek Distress, with her deplore,
 In cities, deserts, and the hostile shore;
 Paint her sad cheeks, bedew'd with crystal tears;
 Unveil her breast, distent with sickening fears;
 Present to view that sister of Despair,
 Tortured with anguish, and of frantic air,
 With hands close clapt, and loose her sanguine hair!

My muse, adventurous, takes her arduous flight,
 And reaches safe famed Bunker's towering height;
 Thence views with weeping eye, and heart-felt pain,
 The ransack'd village, and the purpled plain,
 From thence, dejected, sees the mangled dead,
 Who for their country nobly fought and bled;

Thence hears the wounded hero's parting groan,
The mother's wailings, and the widow's moan ;
From thence beholds Distress, in solemn mood,
Stalk o'er the slain, and tinge her feet with blood ;
Around, the ghosts of slaughter'd patriots rise,
And call for vengeance to the dreary skies :
Far as the eye can reach, my mournful muse
The wandering footsteps of Distress pursues,
And sees her rush into the thicket wild,
(The dreadful haunt of Nature's fiercest child)
Where the rough savage train'd to blood and toil,
(Murder his trade, and all his treasure, spoil)
In ambush lies, and whets the pointed steel,
Whose scalping edge, youth, age, and beauty feel :
So Fame reports—nor doubt her language now,
As pure from Falsehood as a vestal's vow.

Near Penn's domain once dwelt a sober sage,
Grown venerably gray with grief and age ;
The bridal partner of his younger years,
Shared in his joys and kindly soothed his cares ;
One was their wish, their daily prayer was one,
That Heaven, to seal their bliss, would give a son,
Whose growing strength might prove his parents'
stay,

When theirs, through time, was sinking to decay :
At length to recompense their mutual love,
Heaven gave the hope she should a mother prove ;
The expected hour to crown their joy arrives ;
When, lo ! the mother dies—the child survives :
Thus in one moment (such the will of Heaven)
The wife is snatch'd away—a daughter given.
The father eyes his infant with delight ;
Shields her by day, and wakes to shield by night :
She lives the object of his fondest care ;

Her health and safety his attention share ;
His lips instruction to her mind impart,
And fix sage lessons on her ductile heart :
With pious joy her reverend sire she hears,
Imbibes his wisdom, and his truths reveres ;
Treads in his steps with circumspective care ;
His precepts learns with love and filial fear.

Revolving years her lovely charms disclose,
Pure as the snow, and blushing as the rose ;
Her growing beauties spread a lustre far ;
Mild as the radiance of the evening star :
Palemon saw the lustre of her eye,
And modest cheek of roseate damask dye ;
He saw—and sudden felt love's pleasing smart
Thrill through his breast, and centre in his heart ;
A kindred flame her tender bosom warms,
And adds new beauty to her maiden charms ;
The youth profess'd a passion for this fair,
Pure as the thoughts of Heaven's archangels are,
And she for him a mutual love profess'd :
They wed—and by her father both are blest.
Their nuptial state with joys supreme are crown'd,
Such as the innocent in Eden found ;
The Sun unclouded gilds each happy day,
And life's clear stream unruffled glides away ;
No storms disturb the silence of their nights,
And morn awakes them to renew'd delights :
Heaven on their labours with indulgence smiles,
And sweet discourse their evening hours beguiles ;
To enlarge the measure of their worldly joy,
Heaven crown'd their wish by giving them a boy.
In this calm scene of pleasure and repose,
This favour'd pair nor guilt, nor danger knows ;
Secure, in hope, their moments softly pass'd,

And each new day was brighter than the last.
As gathering clouds obscure the clearest skies,
And sudden waves in calmest seas arise;
So in one fatal hour, a blast destroys
The fragrant bloom of her domestic joys.

Dark was the night, and scarce a trembling
breeze [trees,
Was heard to whisper through the neighbouring
When to Sleep's arms the household was withdrawn,
To rest in safety till the morrow's dawn;
The morrow dawns, and blushes at the sight,
Of bloody scenes that shun detecting light:
Urged by a nameless thirst for human prey,
A savage band approach'd where Beauty lay;
Where Innocence, and Youth, and Age reclined
In sleep, refreshing as the southern wind.

Palemon first a harmless victim fell
To Rage, relentless as the Prince of Hell,
The sire, though bending with a load of years,
To save his daughter every danger dares;
With wrath paternal to the assassins flew,
And at one blow a swarthy murderer slew:
By some rough hand this ancient hero dies—
The trembling mother for her husband sighs;
Sighs, and intreats to spare her infant's life,
Her sighs they hear, and spare him—with the
knife—

The tender parent, frantic with despair,
To meet Death's arrow lays her bosom bare;
Death—how unkind! refused to bend his bow,
And life prolong'd for scenes of future woe.

Pleased with the charms of beauty drench'd in
tears,
The savage tribe to gloomy deserts bears

The weeping mother, void of all defence,
 Save what she hoped from Heaven and innocence :
 Now thoughts distressful agitate her breast,
 And from her eye-lids steal their wonted rest ;
 The lovely captive held in bondage dire,
 Weeps for herself—her infant—husband—sire ;
 Weeps—and no eye to shed a social tear ;
 No friend to soothe her sorrows or to share,
 Amidst this scene of misery and awe
 (Too sad and complex for my muse to draw)
 She boldly braves, by solitary flight,
 Danger in deserts, and the gloom of night,
 Through woods and swamps, unpress'd by human
 feet,

She seeks from savages a wild retreat,
 With heedless steps she traverses the glade,
 And finds at length, the covert of a shade !
 There droops, and sleeps, forgetful of her pain ;
 The sun revives her—and she sighs again :
 Fatigued with wanderings, and depress'd with care,
 Deaths all around her, and no succour near ;
 With hunger faint ; to slake her thirst no stream ;
 And hope, once shining, left her now no gleam ;
 She sinks beneath the burthen of her grief,
 And prays for death to minister relief.
 At once she faints, and lifts to Heaven her eyes,
 Leans on the bosom of Distress—and dies.

From those bleak hills, where bloody fountains
 spring,

My roving muse returns with wearied wing
 To visit happier climes—climes happier made
 By sweet vicissitudes of heat and shade ;
 By wholesome laws, and by a clement throne
 That hears with pity every prisoner's moan ;

By watery walls, which Heaven decreed should flow
To give protection from each foreign foe :
Yet these blest climes, though safe from Gallia's
host,
From sudden dangers no exemption boast.
As in some green, plain, smooth, and fair to sight,
Rubs check the bowl at hand directed right,
Divert its bias, or impede its force,
And leave it distant from its destined course :
So on life's green unnumber'd rubs arise,
And least expected always most surprise :
Thus safe at anchor lay old Ocean's pride,*
And rode triumphant on the lordly tide :
No danger seen ; no wave to wake a fear ;
No danger seen, and yet was ruin near ;
Mirth, such as ne'er a home-bred landman charm'd,
Glow'd in each heart, and every bosom warm'd ;
The boatswain's whistle through the ship was heard ;
The caulkers labour'd, and the sailors cheer'd ;
No danger seen ; no fear to raise a sigh ;
No danger fear'd, and yet was ruin nigh ;
Heel'd on her side the stately fabric lay,
And wide her broad flag waved in proud display ;
When (weep my Muse ! at her disaster weep !)
A sudden gust consigns her to the deep ;
Then with her sunk the hardy tars and brave,
From life and service, to a fluid grave ;
With them descended Valour's favourite son,†
Who fought her battles, and her laurels won.
Distressful scene ! what piteous moans arise !

* The Royal George first rate ship of 100 guns overset and sunk at anchor, at Spithead, on August 29, 1782, having then on board 780 persons, of whom 495 were lost.

† Rear-Admiral Kempenfeldt.

Spread through the decks, and echo to the skies;
The childless mother heard the tale with woe,
Tears from the father, childless, secret flow!
The widow wails her husband sunk in death,
Kisses her children, and resigns her breath.

Distress! associate of all human kind!
In calms we meet thee; meet thee in the wind!
From thy assaults no garrison can shield;
To thy domain must every mortal yield;
Thou visit'st where the splendid monarch reigns,
And haunt'st the cottager on lonely plains;
No breast so sacred but thy power invades,
And each frail creature through thy river wades.
Where from thy arm for refuge shall we fly?
—To Earth's cold bosom, and yon friendly sky—
'There no Distress the body can annoy,
And there the soul exults in endless joy.

If thus Distress pursues the human race,
And Me pursues with unremitting pace;
Then——

Farewell, sublunary scenes and gay!
Where the old trifle, and where children play;
Where youths fantastic weave the magic dance,
And to the grave with heedless steps advance;
Where busy crowds, like insects, swarm and die;
And Pleasure's sons pursue a painted fly!

Farewell, ye sublunary scenes and sage!
Where the gravesophist turns the midnight page;
With close attention into Nature pries,
Reads till he's lost, and thinks he grows more wise;
Where the deep Magi of our learned day
In fancy tread the cometary way;
Where Locke's disciples spin the logic thread;
Where Galen's pupils from the Grecian dead,

Like bees industrious, gather healing skill,
And thence prescribe the salutary pill;
Where studious minds from Coke instruction draw,
And learn to trace the labyrinths of law;
Where priests sedate, to heap polemic lore,
Turn dusty volumes of the fathers o'er.

Farewell, ye sublunary scenes and dull!
Made more insipid by the prating fool;
Where fluttering fops at Wisdom's lectures hiss;
Where at Wit's target coxcombs aim and miss;
Where self-conceit o'er modesty prevails,
And cloy society with senseless tales:
Where misers waste their years in heaping store,
Toil to be rich, and yet are always poor;
Where sordid Epicures, of boasted taste,
Pamper themselves to give the worms a feast.

Farewell, ye sublunary scenes and sad!
Hung round with 'scutcheons, and in mourning clad;
Where cruel War and ghastly Famine rage,
And sudden sweep Life's temporary stage;
Where pale Disease destructive power assumes,
And fills the world with hospitals and tombs;
Where pains the body rack, the limbs distort,
And fix their arrows in the sicken'd heart:
Where poignant Grief o'erwhelms the human mind,
Robs it of reason, and distracts mankind;
Where Hope by Disappointment's dagger bleeds,
And Woe to Woe with speedy steps succeeds;
Where Poverty stalks forth in all her gloom,
And leads her children pensive to the tomb;
Where Death, the monarch of this tragic scene,
With rage insatiate, and with poinard keen,
Spreads ruin wide—and when the tyrant calls,
The drama closes, and the curtain falls.

Once more, ye sublunary scenes farewell !
I'm warn'd to quit you by each solemn knell :
Dull world, and sage ! of thee I take my leave ;
Form'd to distress, disquiet, and bereave :
Let others fawn, and pay their court to thee ;
Thou hast no friendship, and no charms for me !
Gay world to some—to me sad world adieu !
Till the last day shall break with glories new.

Noyes.

PROSPECT OF LIFE.

O LIFE ! since first I trod thy charmed ground,
What sweet enchantments hast thou spread around,
Delusion all—such forms and phantoms gay
As flit for ever in thy morning ray.

Say, thou that o'er the young unpractis'd mind,
Sole Sovereign, hold'st dominion unconfin'd,
O ! say what heartfelt joy 'tis thine to give,
As the pure Passions startling wake and live,
And, form'd awhile to fan the generous stife,
Burst on his view the scenes of busy life.
In fancied bliss and dear deluding dream,
His bark floats gaily on the ocean stream,
And songs of triumph woo the wandering gale
That wildly wantons with the willing sail.
Thron'd on her rock, 'mid life's tumultuous tide,
Fortune throws half her cloudy veil aside ;
Hope rides upon Imagination's plume,
And Fame still points the life beyond the tomb ;
But long ere evening's shades involve the sky,
The splendours vanish, and the visions die ;

Long on the fading glories of the view
The moist eye dwells, and looks a last adieu ;
And the heart asks in vain, when far away,
The dreams of joy that usher'd in the day.

Children of Fancy! ye whose magic art
Has balm'd the bleeding pulses of my heart,
And many a flower, fair as the form of Truth,
Shed soft on the wild wanderings of my youth,
Ah! must I each fond pictur'd charm resign,
Your dreams of rapture, and your smiles divine?
Then fade, thou lamp of life, whose glimmering ray
But dimly lights my momentary day;
Nor let them shine, the forms that gild the gloom,
Like virgin charms that perish while they bloom—
Love's flattering dream, or Beauty's syren wile,
That lures with too infatuating guile.

Shall he to whom th' Almighty Maker gave
The fires of heaven, the victory o'er the grave,
Each pure delight that shall for ever last,
The present bliss and memory of the past,
The joys by Fancy's fairy fingers drest,
And Hope's fair dreams of everlasting rest—
Shall he to Grief's rude blight and cold controul
Resign each glowing impulse of the soul,
And with the salt stream of continual tears
Wither the opening promise of his years—
Bow at the shrines of error and of gloom,
And woo the leaden slumber of the tomb?
And are ye quench'd in night, ye fires that glow'd
Before the altar of the beaming God?
No—from your sacred source beyond the sky,
Fed with eternal streams, ye never die;
Ye live to light the wanderer on his way,
And mingle with the Fount of life and day.

Awake your beams, O ye from heaven that came !
And hence, ye cares that damp my rising flame ;
The kindling spirit's intellectual light
Streams round young Genius in her eagle flight.
Behold the bounties of indulgent Heaven—
Man asks a home, and lo ! a world is given :
' That world encircled with its rainbow zone,'
Young Fancy cries, ' was made for me alone ;'
To swell the tide of joy that wakes and warms,
Creation smiles, and mingles all her charms ;
The flowers unfold, by hands unseen array'd,
And vernal fingers dress the verdant glade ;
The Naiads lead their silver streams along ;
The voice of Nature quires the choral song ;
Spring throws his musky tresses on the wind,
And Summer rolls her glowing car behind ;
And Love with winning voice invites to twine
The myrtle wreath beneath the flowing vine :
For me the Sun, in wheeling circuit driven,
Dips his bright orb, or climbs the steep of heaven ;
While the starr'd zodiac, bounding his career,
Binds with refulgent zone the varied year.
These shall not cease, nor seek to change their
spheres,

And turn the smiling face of Joy to tears,
Like the betraying spirit of the wind,
Man's faithless heart, or woman's yielding mind.
Tempests shall spare, clouds shall not quench their
light,
And Fortune cannot hide thee from my sight.

Yes, I will pause on Nature's glorious birth,
And question you, ye natives of the earth :—
Who call'd from the dark womb of ancient Night
Fair Earth, and round her pour'd a flood of light ?

Bade Ocean all his hundred arms expand,
Murmur his love, and wed the solid land ;
Each wandering atom join'd, and vapour dense ;
Then with the strong arm of Omnipotence
Launched the vast Orb where sister Planets move,
And through the wilds of ether bade it rove ?
Who taught the eagle in the solar stream
To bathe at large, and drink the noontide beam ?
Who woke the tiger's rage, the lion's roar,
Hyæna's lonely howl along the shore ;
Bade the horse snuff the battle from afar,
With neck in thunder clothed, and heart of war ?
What hand created, and what potent word
Stamp'd thee, O Man ! their undisputed lord—
In fair proportion's mould thy form design'd,
And woke the active principle of mind ?
And tell, O tell me, Beauty ! whence thy smiles,
And lovely looks, and sweet attractive wiles ?
Who dyed thy cheek in health's carnation glow,
And gave the locks that wanton round thy brow,
And taught thy heart to throb and pulse to play,
And nerves to vibrate on their winding way,
When love or pity's soft emotions rise,
And feeling reigns reflected in thy eyes ?—
And I will stand and lift my voice on high,
And question you, ye children of the sky !
And ask you whence ye came, and whence your
beams,
That dance so sweet on ocean's bounding streams,
Or light the dewy landscape waving wide,
Or bless with farewell smile the green hill's side,
Ray'd from their source in morning's purple hours,
Or lingering long on twilight's lonely bowers ?
What hand, O Lucifer ! has fill'd thy horn,

And hung thee on the forehead of the Morn?
Who plac'd thy gem, O Hesper! in the sky,
The region sweet of love and harmony?
And, Moon! who gave thee, from the cloudy steep,
To rule the earth, to rule the azure deep?
And thou, the bright and blazing Fount of Day,
That warm'st the nations with undying ray,
Who call'd thee forth, and bade thy splendours
burn,

And feeds thy flame from his exhaustless urn?
Hail, Universal Love! hail, Power Divine!
I bow the knee, and worship at thy shrine.

But lovelier far than all the day has known,
The beams that linger round his setting throne;
Sweet are the matin murmurs of the grove
That hail on high the Lord of light and love,
But sweeter still the wild melodious song
The woodland quires with farewell voice prolong,
When long, long pealing to the evening star,
Swells the ethereal organ from afar,
In whose full tones æolian voices rise,
And breathe their vesper hymns and harmonies.—
And as the canvas, softening into shade,
Whispers of peace, and bids the landscape fade,
And steals attraction from our holier tears,
And mellowing influence from the flight of years;
So Age, retiring from the walks of strife,
With Wisdom's aid illumines the walks of life;
Her trellis'd beams a rainbow lustre cast
O'er the dim forms and twilight of the past,
Play round the tomb, and fix the roving eye,
And lure the wandering wishes to the sky.
Adieu, false hopes! and fond desires, adieu!
And passions, that the reasoning soul subdue;

Ye narrow life's bright prospect to a span,
Ye trample on the nobler will of man ;
No genuine joy is yours, no transport high,
No glorious triumph for eternity ;
No foretaste of the raptures of the blest ;
No home, no harbour sweet of holy rest,
Where Joy may sit and view the dangerous coast
Where Virtue, Peace, and happiness are lost ;
And mark the clouds obscure the face of day,
And hear the distant thunder die away,
Till sweet Compassion wakes, and Heaven bestows
The balm of peace, the blessings of repose.

Earth has no joy to satisfy the breast,
No station where the heart is truly blest,
Though Love's soft raptures bid each discord cease,
And Glory court it with the smiles of Peace.
Hence Man, awoke to Heaven's immortal ray,
Hears Truth proclaim his triumphs fade away ;
But that pure emanation from on high,
Which fann'd the sacred fire of Deity,
Though tempests wreck in dust its frail abode,
Shall live eternal as the throne of God.
And hence, impatient for a happier clime,
With wishes woke to raptures more sublime,
Sighs, exil'd from its sphere, the captive soul
To burst its mortal mansion of controul—
To pierce the veil that Heaven's pavilion shrouds,
And walk with angels on the ambient clouds.

O! when the ties that bind him to the earth
Have vanish'd like the years that gave them birth,
And age has shrunk each nerve, and dimm'd the eye,
And the lone mourner lays him down to die,
If that which warm'd the vital pulse before
Shall perish with the fading form it bore,

And the bright prospect of eternal life,
Like joy's fair phantoms, cease with nature's strife;
Why was the wish for worlds beyond the grave
E'er given to soothe sad Virtue, and to save?
And are ye foes to truth, though friends to Man,
Mysterious dreams of Nature's hidden plan!
Form'd but to fade, and mingling but to part,
False to her hope, yet faithful to the heart;
And has creative Wisdom sent abroad
The winged spirit on her pathless road,
With powers proportioned to her high descent,
'To war with woe, and weep the blessing lent?
Then have ye woke, ye Cherubim! in vain
The harp of Heaven, and quir'd the hallow'd strain;
And glorying bade your golden censers glow,
When Virtue triumph'd o'er her toils below.
And hail'd the sufferer of immortal birth,
Child of her God, and snatch'd her from the earth?

Yes, the tried spirit, doom'd awhile to roam
Like earth-born wanderer from her happier home,
May live but to lament her toils below,
And wake to weep her wanderings and her woe,
And the fleet pleasures, and the wounds that pine,
And fears, and sensibilities divine,
But never shall th' immortal sufferer lose
The soothing hope that mitigates her woes,
The glowing energies so subtly wrought,
And the full consciousness and powers of thought,
And each quick sense of pleasure and of pain
That thrills the soul's fine nerve, or plays around
the brain.

But say, when Night her sable curtain draws,
Can the tomb open wide her marble jaws,
And bid the parted spirit still attend

With silent steps the pillow of a friend ?
 When sleep has on my eyelids dried the dew,
 Thy form, Alphonso, rises to my view,
 And on my cheek restrains the starting tear,
 And breathes the voice of comfort in my ear ;
 ‘ Mourn not the days that are for ever fled,
 ‘ Weep not their woe, nor sorrow for the dead ;
 ‘ Sigh not, though sad, and homeless and forlorn,
 ‘ For Woman’s pride or unrelenting scorn,
 ‘ And lift thy brow, with conscious strength elate,
 ‘ O’er tyrant Man and all the frowns of Fate ;
 ‘ But never, never may thy heart forego
 ‘ The joys that still from Truth and Feeling flow—
 ‘ The virtuous throb that thrills thy bosom here,
 ‘ The bliss that waits thee in a happier sphere.’

In vain would life’s tempestuous cares destroy
 The Soul’s firm hope, and Virtue’s heartfelt joy ;
 In vain the grave, sole harbour from the storm,
 Would hide for ever Love’s and Friendship’s form ;
 Again they meet in Joy’s divine embrace,
 And rest and shelter in the arms of Grace.

Carey.

LESSONS OF WISDOM.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,
 The disappointments and disgusts of those
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
 The precepts here of a divine old man
 I could recite. Though old, he still retain’d
 His manly sense, and energy of mind.
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
 He still remember’d that he once was young ;

His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
 Him ev'n the dissolute admir'd; for he
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
 And, laughing, could instruct. Much had he read,
 Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
 He pitied man: and much he pitied those
 Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.

' Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine
 (He said), ' 'tis the pursuit of all that live;

' Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.

' But they the widest wander from the mark,

' Who through the flowery paths of sauntering Joy

' Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage

' Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.

' For, not to name the pains that Pleasure brings

' To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate

' Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds

' Should ever roam; and were the fates more kind,

' Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale:

' Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,

' And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain

' That all is vanity, and life a dream.

' Let Nature rest: be busy for yourself,

' And for your friend; be busy ev'n in vain,

' Rather then tease her sated appetites.

' Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;

' Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.

' Let Nature rest: and when the taste of joy

' Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

' 'Tis not for mortals always to be bless'd:

' But him the least the dull or painful hours

- ‘ Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts
- ‘ And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
- ‘ Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin ;
- ‘ Virtue and Sense are one : and, trust me, still
- ‘ A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
- ‘ Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
- ‘ Is sense and spirit, with humanity :
- ‘ ’Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds,
- ‘ ’Tis ev’n vindictive, but in vengeance just.
- ‘ Knaves fain would laugh at it ; some great ones
dare ;
- ‘ But at his heart the most undaunted son
- ‘ Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
- ‘ To noblest uses this determines wealth ;
- ‘ This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;
- ‘ The peace and shelter of adversity ;
- ‘ And if you pant for glory, build your fame
- ‘ On this foundation, which the secret shock
- ‘ Defies of Envy, and all-sapping Time.
- ‘ The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
- ‘ The vulgar eye : the suffrage of the wise,
- ‘ The praise that’s worth ambition, is attain’d
- ‘ By sense alone, and dignity of mind.
- ‘ Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
- ‘ Is the best gift of Heaven : a happiness,
- ‘ That e’en above the smiles and frowns of Fate
- ‘ Exalts great Nature’s favourites : a wealth,
- ‘ That ne’er encumbers, nor can be transferr’d.
- ‘ Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn’d ;
- ‘ Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
- ‘ Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
- ‘ But for one end, one much-neglected use,
- ‘ Are riches worth your care : (for Nature’s wants
- ‘ Are few, and without opulence supplied.)

' This noble end is, to produce the Soul ;
 ' To show the Virtues in their fairest light ;
 ' To make Humanity the minister
 ' Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast
 ' That generous luxury the gods enjoy.'

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
 Sometimes declaim'd. Ofright and wrong he taught
 Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;
 And, strange to tell ! he practis'd what he preach'd.
Armstrong.

PRECEPTS OF CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

Addressed to the author's sister-in-law, on her marriage.

FRIEND, sister, partner of that gentle heart
 Where my soul lives, and holds her dearest part ;
 While Love's soft raptures these gay hours employ,
 And Time puts on the yellow robe of joy ;
 Will you, Maria, mark with patient ear,
 The moral Muse, nor deem her song severe ?

Through the long course of Life's unclouded day,
 Where sweet Contentment smiles on Virtue's way ;
 Where Fancy opes her ever-varying views,
 And Hope strews flowers, and leads you as she
 strews ;

May each fair pleasure court thy favour'd breast,
 By truth protected, and by love caress'd !

So Friendship vows, nor shall her vows be vain ;
 For every pleasure comes in Virtue's train ;
 Each charm that tender sympathies impart,
 The glow of soul, the transports of the heart,
 Sweet meanings, that in silent truth convey
 Mind into mind, and steal the soul away ;

These gifts, O Virtue, these are all thy own ;
 Lost to the vicious, to the vain unknown ;
 Yet blest with these, and happier charms than these,
 By Nature form'd, by Genius taught to please,
 E'en you, to prove that mortal gifts are vain,
 Must yield your human sacrifice to pain ;
 The wizard Care shall dim those brilliant eyes,
 Smite the fair urns, and bid the waters rise.

With mind unbroke that darker hour to bear,
 Nor, once his captive, drag the chains of Care ;
 Hope's radiant sunshine o'er the scene to pour,
 Nor future joys in present ills devour ;
 These arts your philosophic friend may show,
 Too well experienc'd in the school of woe.

In some sad hour, by transient grief oppress'd,
 Ah ! let not vain reflection wound your breast ;
 For Memory, then, to happier objects blind,
 Though once the friend, the traitor of the mind,
 Life's varied sorrows studious to explore,
 Turns the sad volume of its sufferings o'er.

Still to the distant prospect stretch your eye,
 Pass the dim cloud, and view the bright'ning sky,
 On Hope's kind wing, more genial climes survey ;
 Let Fancy join, but Reason guide your way
 For Fancy, still to tender woes inclin'd,
 May soothe the heart, but misdirects the mind.

The source of half our anguish, half our tears,
 Is the wrong conduct of our hopes and fears ;
 Like ill-train'd children, still their treatment such,
 Restrain'd too rashly, or indulg'd too much :
 Hence Hope, projecting more than life can give,
 Would live with angels, or refuse to live ;
 Hence spleen-ey'd Fear, o'er-acting Caution's part
 Betrays those succours Reason lends the heart.

Yet these, submitted to fair Truth's controul,
 These tyrants are the servants of the soul;
 Through vales of peace the dove-like Hope shall
 stray,

And bear at eve her olive branch away,
 In every scene some distant charm descry,
 And hold it forward to the brightening eye;
 While watchful Fear, if Fortitude maintain
 Her trembling steps, shall ward the distant pain.

Should erring Nature casual faults disclose,
 Wound not the breast that harbours your repose;
 For every grief that breast from you shall prove,
 Is one link broken in the chain of love.

Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
 But pains from those we love are pains that last.
 Though faults or follies from reproach may fly,
 Yet in its shade the tender passions die.

Love, like the flower that courts the Sun's kind
 ray,

Will flourish only in the smiles of day;
 Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
 And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys.
 O shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast,
 Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost;
 By wit, by grief, by anger urg'd, forbear
 The speech contemptuous, and the scornful air.

If heart-felt quiet, thoughts unmix'd with pain,
 While peace weaves flowers o'er Hymen's golden
 chain,

If tranquil days, if hours of smiling ease,
 The sense of pleasure, and the power to please,
 If charms like these deserve your serious care,
 Of one dark foe, one dangerous foe beware!
 Like Hecla's mountain, while his heart's in flame,

His aspect cold, and Jealousy's his name.
 His hideous birth his wild disorders prove,
 Begot by Hatred on despairing Love!
 Her throes in rage the frantic mother bore,
 And the fell sire with angry curses tore
 His sable hair—Distrust beholding smil'd,
 And lov'd her image in her future child;
 With cruel care, industrious to impart
 Each painful sense, each soul-tormenting art,
 To Doubt's dim shrine her hapless charge she led,
 Where never sleep reliev'd the burning head,
 Where never grateful fancy sooth'd suspense,
 Or the sweet charm of easy confidence.
 Hence fears eternal, ever-restless care,
 And all the dire associates of despair:
 Hence all the woes he found that peace destroy,
 And dash with pain the sparkling stream of joy.

When love's warm breast from rapture's trem-
 bling height,
 Falls to the temperate measures of delight;
 When calm delight to easy friendship turns,
 Grieve not that Hymen's torch more gently burns;
 Unerring nature, in each purpose kind,
 Forbids long transports to usurp the mind;
 For, oft dissolv'd in joy's oppressive ray,
 Soon would the finer faculties decay.

True tender love one even tenor keeps;
 'Tis reason's flame, and burns when passion sleeps,
 The charm connubial, like a stream that glides
 Through life's fair vale, with no unequal tides,
 With many a plant along its genial side,
 With many a flower, that blows in beauteous pride,
 With many a shade, where peace in rapturous rest
 Holds sweet affiance to her fearless breast;

Pure in its source, and temperate in its way,
Still flows the same, nor finds its urn decay.

O bliss beyond what lonely life can know,
The soul-felt sympathy of joy and woe!
That magic charm which makes e'en sorrow dear,
And turns to pleasure the partaking tear!

Long, beauteous friend, to you may Heaven impart
The soft endearments of the social heart!
Long to your lot may every blessing flow,
That sense, or taste, or virtue can bestow!
And oh, forgive the zeal your peace inspires,
To teach that prudence which itself admires.

Langhorne.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater yours, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind, as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within;
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form;
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;

Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign,
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great;
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution choose! but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power, but that of pleasing most:
Her's is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,

Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied ;
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown :
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd Imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain ;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain,
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

E'en in the happiest choice, where fav'ring Hea-
Has equal love and easy fortune given, [ven
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost ;
The Graces might alone his heart allure ;
They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let e'en your Prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him, and anxious tenderness ;
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear :
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife ;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone :

E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known :
For well you twist the secret chains that bind,
With gentle force the captivated mind ;
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy ;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

Lyttelton.

THE PARISH CLERK.

LET courtly bards, in polished phrase, indite
Soft madrigals to celebrate the fair ;
Or paint the splendour of a birth-day night,
Where peers and dames in shining robes appear :
The task be mine neglected worth to praise,
Alas ! too often found, in these degenerate days !

O gentle Shenstone ! could the self-taught Muse,
Who joys, like thine, in rural shades to stray,
Could she, like thine, while she her theme pursues,
With native beauties deck the pleasing lay ;
Then should the humble clerk of Barton-Dean
An equal meed of praise with thy school-mistress
gain.

Entering the village, in a deep-worn way,
Hard by an aged oak, his dwelling stands ;

The lowly roof is thatch, the walls are clay,
All rudely raised by his forefathers' hands ;
Observe the homely hut as you pass by,
And pity the good man that lives so wretchedly !

Vulcanian artist here, with oily brow,
And naked arm, he at his anvil plies,
What time Aurora in the east does glow,
And eke when Vesper gilds the western skies :
The bellows roar, the hammers loud resound,
And from the tortur'd mass the sparkles fly around.

Hither the truant school-boy frequent wends,
And slyly peeping o'er the hatch is seen,
To note the bick'ring workman while he bends
The steed's strong shoe, or forms the sickle
keen ;
Unthinking, little elf, what ills betide,
Of breech begalled sore, and cruel task beside !

A deep historian, well I wot, is he,
And many tomes of ancient lore has read,
Of England's George, the flower of chivalry,
Of Merlin's Mirror, and the Brazen Head ;
With hundred legends more, which, to recite,
Would tire the wisest nurse, and spend the longest
night !

To Nature's book he studiously applies,
And oft, consulted by the anxious swain,
With wistful gaze reviews the vaulted skies,
And shows the signs of sure impending rain,
Or thunder gathered in the fervid air,
Or if the harvest-month will be serene and fair :

The various phases of the moon he knows,
And whence her orb derives its silver sheen,
From what strange cause the madding Heygre flows
By which the peasants oft endanger'd been,
As in their frightened barks they careless glide,
And view the inverted trees in Severn's crystal tide :

Returning late at eve from wake or fair,
Among a sort of poor unletter'd swains,
He teaches them to name each brighter star ;
And of the Northern Lights the cause explains ;
Recounts what comets have appeared of old,
Portending dearth, and war, and miseries manifold :

Around his bending shoulders graceful flow
His curling silver locks, the growth of years ;
Supported by a staff, he walketh slow,
And simple neatness in his mien appears :
And every neighbour that perchance he meets,
Or young or old be they, with courtsey he greets.

A goodly sight, I wot, it were to view
The decent Parish Clerk, on sabbath-day,
Seated beneath the curate in his pew,
Or kneeling down with lifted hands to pray,
As ever and anon, at close of prayer,
He answereth, ' Amen ! ' with sober solemn air.

Such times, an ancient suit of black he wears,
Which from the curate's wardrobe did descend ;
Love to his clerk the pious curate bears,
Pities his wants, and wishes to befriend ;
But what, alas ! can slender salary do,
Encumbered by a wife, and children not a few ?

Through every season of the changing year,
His strict regard for christian rites is seen ;
The holy church he decks with garlands fair,
Or birchen bows, or yew for ever green :
On every pew a formal sprig is placed,
And with a spacious branch the pulpit's top is graced.

At Christmas-tide, when every yeoman's hall
With ancient hospitality is blessed,
Kind invitations he accepts from all,
To share the plenteous, mirth-abounding feast :
The Christmas feast imperfect would appear,
Except their good old guest, the Parish Clerk, were
there.

Then, when the mellow beer goes gaily round,
And curls of smoke from lighted pipes aspire,
When cheerful carols through the room resound,
And crackling logs augment the blazing fire ;
His honest heart with social mirth o'erflows,
And many a merry tale he on his friends bestows.

When, smit with mutual love, the youth and maid
To weave the sacred nuptial-knot agree,
Pleased, he attends, to lend his useful aid,
And see the rites performed with decency :
He gives the bride, and joins their trembling hands,
While with the service-book the curate gravely
stands.

Then, while the merry bells the steeple shake,
Ringing in honour of the happy pair,
To notes of gladness while the minstrels wake,
And lads and lasses the rich bride-cake share,

Oh may the youthful bard a portion gain,
To whom the rural sage its virtues did explain !

When from the church returns the blythsome train,
A spicy cake two gentle maidens bring,
Which, holding o'er the bride, they break in twain,
And, all conjoin'd, this nuptial ditty sing :
' Joy to the wedded pair ! health, length of days,
' And may they, blessed by heaven, a goodly house-
hold raise !'

At eve, the lovely condescending bride
Will take the ring, which on her finger shines,
And through the sacred circlet nine times slide
The fragrant gift, repeating mystic lines ;
(The mystic lines we may not here make known,
Them shall the Muse reveal to virgins chaste alone.)

The stocking thrown, as ancient rules require,
Leave the glad lovers to complete their joy ;
And to thy pillow silently retire,
Where close beneath thy head the charm must lie :
Raised by the power of love, in vision gay,
Thy future spouse shall come in holiday array ;

And, soft approaching, with the mildest air,
Thy yielding lips shall modestly embrace ;
O sweet illusion ! wilt thou disappear ?
Alas ! it flies ; the morning springs apace ;
The blushing lover sees the light with pain,
And longs to recompose, and woo his dream again !

O Time ! relentless foe to every joy,
How all declines beneath thy iron reign !

Once could our clerk to sweetest melody
Attune the harp, and charm the listening plain ;
Or, with his mellow voice, the psalm could raise ;
And fill the echoing choir with notes of sacred
praise.

But now, alas ! his every power decays,
His voice grows hoarse, long toil has cramp'd
his hands,
No more he fills the echoing choir with praise,
No more to melody the harp commands :
Sadly he mourns the dullness of his ear,
And when a master plays he presses close to hear.

Late, o'er the plain by chance or fortune led,
The pensive swain, who does his annals write,
Him in his humble cottage visited,
And learned his story with sincere delight ;
For chiefly of himself his converse ran,
As memory well supplied the narrative old man.

His youthful feats with guiltless pride he told,
In rural games what honours erst he won ;
How on the green he threw the wrestlers bold,
How light he leaped, and oh ! how swift he ran :
Then with a sigh, he fondly tuned his praise
To rivals now no more, and friends of former days.

At length, concluding with reflection deep :
' Alas ! of life few comforts now remain !
' Of what I was I but the vestige keep,
' Impair'd by grief, by penury, and pain :
' Yet let me not arraign just heaven's decree ;
' The lot of human kind, as man, belongs to me !

- ‘ Beneath yon aged yew-tree’s solemn shade,
‘ Whose twisted roots above the green-sward
creep,
‘ There, freed from toils, my pious father laid,
‘ Enjoys a silent, unmolested sleep;
‘ And there my only son—with him I gave
‘ All comfort of my age, untimely to the grave.

‘ In that sweet earth, when Nature’s debt is paid,
‘ And leaving life, I leave its load of woes,
‘ My neighbours kind, I trust, will see me laid,
‘ In humble hope of mercy to repose :
‘ Evil and few, the patriarch mourned his days,
‘ Nor shall a man presume to vindicate his ways !
Vernon.
-

THE VILLAGE CURATE.

IN yonder mansion, rear’d by rustic hands,
And deck’d with no superfluous ornament,
Where use was all the architect propos’d,
And all the master wish’d, that scarce a mile
From village tumult, to the morning sun
Turns his warm aspect, yet with blossoms hung
Of cherry, and of peach, lives happy still
The reverend Alcanor. On a hill,
Half way between the summit and a brook
That idly wanders at the foot, it stands,
And looks into a valley, wood-besprent,
That winds along below. Beyond the brook,
Where the high coppice intercepts it not,
Or social elms, or with his ample waist
The venerable oak, up the steep side

Of yon aspiring hill full opposite,
Luxuriant pasture spreads before his eye
Eternal verdure; save that here and there
A spot of deeper green shews where the swain
Expects a nobler harvest, or high poles
Mark the retreat of the scarce-budded hop,
To be hereafter eminently fair,
And hide the naked staff that train'd him up
With golden flow'rs. On the hill-top behold
The village steeple, rising from the midst
Of many a rustic edifice; 'tis all
The pastor's care. For he, ye whipping clerks,
Who with a jockey's speed from morn till night
Gallop amain through sermons, services,
And dirty roads, and hardly find the day
Sufficient for your toil—he still disdains
For lucre-sake to do his work amiss,
And starve the flock he undertakes to feed.

Nor does he envy your ignoble ease,
Ye pamper'd Priests, that only eat and sleep,
And sleep and eat, and quaff the tawny juice
Of vet'ran port: sleep on, and take your rest,
Nor quit the downy couch preferment strews,
To aid your master. While Alcanor lives,
Though Providence no greater meed design
To crown his labour, than the scanty sum
One cure affords, yet will he not regret
That he renounc'd a life so profitless
To God and to his country. For he too
Might still have slumber'd in an easy chair,
Or idly loll'd upon a sofa, held
A willing captive in the magic chain
Of Alma-mater; but in happy time
Serious occasion cut the golden link,

And set him free, to taste the nobler sweets
Of life domestic. There th' apostate lives,
In habitation neat, but plain and small.
Look in and see, for there no treason lurks,
And he who lives as in the face of Heav'n
Shuns not the eye of man. On either side
The door, that opens with a touch, a room,
The kitchen one, and what you will the other.
There now he sits in meditation lost,
And to the growing page commits with speed
To-morrow's text. Look round, nor fear to rouse
The busy soul, that on her work intent,
Holds sense a pris'ner, and with cautious bolt
Has barr'd full-fast the portals of the mind,
To shut out interruption. Bare the walls—
For here no painter's happy art has taught
The great progenitor to live anew
Upon the smiling canvass. Sculpture here
No ornament has hung of fruit or flow'r ;
Nor specimen is here, to shew how well
The imitative style can steal the grace
That Nature lent the Painter. One poor sheet,
Half almanack, half print, without a frame,
Above the grate hangs unaccompanied :
A kind remembrancer of time to come,
Of fast and festival, expiring terms,
New moon and full. A regal table here
Arrests the eye, and here the vast account
Of Chancellor, High Steward, and their train,
Vice-chancellor, and Proctors, awful sound,
And still more awful sight to him that treads
The public street with hat and stick, or wants,
That grave appendage of the chin, a band.
Above behold the venerable pile

Some pious Founder rais'd ; but stay we not
To call him from his grave, where he perhaps
Would gladly rest unknown, and have an ear
Not to be rous'd by the Archangel's trump.

Yon half-a-dozen shelves support, vast weight !
The Curate's Library. There marshall'd stand,
Sages and heroes, modern and antique :
He their commander, like the vanquish'd fiend,
Out-cast of Heav'n, oft through their armed files
Darts an experienc'd eye, and feels his heart
Distend with pride to be their only chief.
Yet needs he not the tedious muster-roll,
The title-page of each well-known, his name,
And character. Nor scorns he to converse
With raw recruit or musty veteran,
And oft prefers the mutilated garb
To macaroni suit, bedaub'd with gold,
That often hides the man of little worth,
And tinsel properties. What need of dress
So fine and gorgeous, if the soul within
Be chaste and pure? The fairest mask put on
Hides not the wrinkle of deformity.
A soul of worth will gild a beggar's frieze,
And on his tatter'd suit a lustre shed
No time can change.—

Hurdis,

DISCONTENT REPROVED.

———— I love to see
How hardly some their frugal morsel earn ;
It gives my own a zest, and serves to damp
The longing appetite of discontent.

See, pale and hollow-eyed, in his blue shirt,
Before the scorching furnace, reeking stands
The weary smith. A thund'ring water-wheel
Alternately uplifts his pond'rous pair
Of roaring bellows. He torments the coal
And stirs the melting ore, till all resolv'd
Into a perfect lump; then seizes fast
With his strong forceps the unwieldy mass,
And drags it glowing to the anvil. Eye
Can scarce attend it, so intense the heat.
He bears it all, and with one arm lets loose
Th' impatient stream. The heavy wheel moves
round,
And ever and again lets fall the loud
And awful hammer, that confounds the ear,
And makes the firm earth shake. He turns the
mass,
And works it into shape; till cooler grown,
He stops his wheel, and once again provokes
The dying cinders, and his half-done work
Buries in fire. Again he drags it forth,
And once more lifts it to the sturdy anvil.
There beaten long, and often turn'd, at length
'Tis done. He bears it hissing to the light,
An iron bar. Behold it well. What is't,
But a just emblem of the lot of Virtue:
For in this naughty world she cannot live,
Nor rust contract, nor mingle with alloy.
So the great Judge, to make her worthy heav'n,
Submits her to the furnace and the anvil;
'Till molten, bruis'd, and batter'd, she becomes
Spotless and pure, and leaves her dross behind.
And who shall grieve, and think his lot severe
Who well considers this? The slaving smith,

That wipes his flowing brow so fast, his bread
Earns at the bitter cost, expence of health.
In summer's hottest day he feeds his forge,
And stands expos'd to the distressful fire
That almost broils him dead. Yet what complaint
Makes he at fortune? He is well content
To toil at his infernal work, and breathe
A torrid atmosphere, so he may earn
A scant subsistence in this pinching world.
Ye idle rich, consider this, nor aim
At places, pensions, titles, coronets:
Ye lazy clerks, consider this, nor sue
For benefices, canonries, and mitres.
All might inherit ease, would they not long
To fill a braver office, and at times
Look down, and see how hard the drudging poor
Toils for a bare subsistence. Be content,
And happiness shall turn and follow you.
But she is coy as the unwedded maid,
And he that follows her is vext in vain,
And may pursue for ever.—

Hurdis.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

I saw an aged Beggar in my walk,
And he was seated by the high-way side
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep rough road
May thence remount at ease. The aged man
Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone
That overlays the pile, and from a bag

All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one,
And scann'd them with a fix'd and serious look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
He sate, and eat his food in solitude ;
And ever, scatter'd from his palsied hand,
That still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
Fell on the ground, and the small mountain birds,
Not venturing yet to peck their destin'd meal,
Approach'd within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known, and then
He was so old, he seems not older now ;
He travels on, a solitary man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering horseman-traveller does not throw
With careless hand his alms upon the ground,
But stops, that he may safely lodge the coin
Within the old Man's hat ; nor quits him so,
But still when he has given his horse the rein
Towards the aged Beggar turns a look,
Side long and half-reverted. She who tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees
The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.
The Post-boy when his rattling wheels o'ertake
The aged Beggar, in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind, and, if perchance
The old Man does not change his course, the Boy
Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-side,
And passes gently by, without a curse

Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.
He travels on, a solitary man,
His age has no companion. On the ground
His eyes are turn'd, and, as he moves along,
They move along the ground; and evermore,
Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
Bowbent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey, seeing still,
And never knowing that he sees, some straw,
Some scatter'd leaf, or marks which, in one track,
The nails of cart or chariot wheel have left
Impress'd on the white road, in the same line,
At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!
His staff trails with him, scarcely do his feet
Disturb the summer dust, he is so still
In look and motion that the cottage curs,
Ere he have pass'd the door, will turn away
Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
And urchins newly breech'd, all pass him by:
Him even the slow-pac'd waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this man useless.—Statesmen! ye
Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
Who have a broom still ready in your hands
To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate
Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not
A burthen of the earth. 'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist

Divorced from good, a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul to every mode of being
Inseparably link'd. While thus he creeps
From door to door, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Pasts deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremember'd, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
And that half-wisdom half-experience gives
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.
Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets, and thinly-scattered villages,
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,
The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love; and habit does the work
Of reason, yet prepares that after joy
Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursu'd
Doth find itself insensibly dispos'd
To virtue and true goodness. Some there are,
By their good works exalted, lofty minds
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle; minds like these,
In childhood, from this solitary being,
This helpless wanderer, have perchance receiv'd,
(A thing more precious far than all that books
Or the solitudes of love can do!)
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
In which they found their kindred with a world
Where want and sorrow were. The easy man
Who sits at his own door, and, like the pear
Which overhangs his head from the green wall,

Feeds in the sunshine ; the robust and young,
The prosperous and unthinking, they who live
Shelter'd, and flourish in a little grove
Of their own kindred, all behold in him
A silent monitor, which on their minds
Must needs impress a transitory thought
Of self-congratulation, to the heart
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,
His charters and exemptions ; and perchance,
Though he to no one give the fortitude
And circumspection needful to preserve
His present blessings, and to husband up
The respite of the season, he, at least,
And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further.—Many, I believe, there are
Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel
No self-reproach, who of the moral law
Establish'd in the land where they abide
Are strict observers, and not negligent,
Meanwhile, in any tenderness of heart
Or act of love to those with whom they dwell,
Their kindred, and the children of their blood.
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!
—But of the poor man ask, the abject poor,
Go and demand of him, if there be here,
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities,
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
No—man is dear to man: the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings, have been kind to such

As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.
—Such pleasure is to one kind being known—
My Neighbour, when with punctual care, each week
Duly as Friday comes, though press'd herself
By her own wants, she from her chest of meal
Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door
Returning with exhilarated heart,
Sits by her fire and builds her hope in heav'n.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And while, in that vast solitude to which
The tide of things has led him, he appears
To breathe and live but for himself alone,
Unblam'd, uninjur'd, let him bear about
The good which the benignant law of heaven
Has hung around him, and, while life is his,
Still let him prompt the unletter'd villagers
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And, long as he can wander, let him breathe
The freshness of the valleys, let his blood
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows,
And let the charter'd wind that sweeps the heath
Beat his gray locks against his wither'd face.
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
Gives the last human interest to his heart.
May never house, misnamed of industry,
Make him a captive; for that pent-up din,
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,
Be his the natural silence of old age.
Let him be free of mountain solitudes,
And have around him, whether heard or not,
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.

Few are his pleasures; if his eyes, which now
Have been so long familiar with the earth,
No more behold the horizontal sun
Rising or setting, let the light at least
Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.
And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down
Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank
Of high-way side, and with the little birds
Share his chance-gather'd meal, and, finally,
As in the eye of Nature he has liv'd,
So in the eye of Nature let him die.

Wordsworth.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

I SAW a pauper once—when I was young—
Borne to his narrow grave. The bearers trod
Smiling to where the death-bell heavily rung:
And soon his bones were laid beneath the sod.
On the rough boards the earth was gaily flung:
Methought the prayer that gave him to his God
Was coldly said.—Then all, passing away,
Left the scarce-coffin'd wretch to quick decay.

It was an Autumn evening;—and the rain
Had stopp'd awhile—but the loud wind did shriek,
And brought the deluging tempest back again:
The flag-staff on the church-yard tower did creek,
Along the sky there ran a lightning vein;—
And then the flapping raven came to seek
His home;—his flight was heavy, and his wing
Seem'd wearied with a long day's wandering.

Barry Cornwall.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

It is the funeral march. I did not think
 That there had been such magic in sweet sounds !
 Hark ! from the blacken'd cymbal that dead tone—
 It awes the very rabble multitude,
 They follow silently, their earnest brows
 Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
 And pageantry of death that with such force
 Arrests the sense,—the mute and mourning train,
 The white plume nodding o'er the sable hearse,
 Had passed unheeded, or perchance awoke
 A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
 At pride's last triumph. Now these measur'd
 sounds,

This universal language, to the heart
 Speak instant, and on all these various minds
 Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts
 Will pass away, how soon ! and these who here
 Are following their dead comrade to the grave,
 Ere the night fall, will in their revelry
 Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life
 Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
 No resting place, no dear delights at home,
 Belike who never saw his children's face,
 Whose children knew no father, he is gone,
 Dropt from existence, like the withered leaf
 That from the summer tree is swept away,
 Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
 Who bore him, and already for her son
 Her tears of bitterness are shed : when first

He had put on the livery of blood,
She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed

Clay in the potter's hand ! one favour'd mind,
Scarce lower than the Angels, shall explore
The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man
Fram'd with like miracle the work of God,
Must as the unreasonable beast drag on
A life of labour, like this soldier here,
His wonderous faculties bestow'd in vain,
Be moulded by his fate till he becomes
A mere machine of murder.

And there are

Who say that this is well ! as God has made
All things for man's good pleasure, so of men
The many for the few ! court-moralists,
Reverend lip-comforters, that once a week
Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
Shall have their wealth hereafter, and though now
Toiling and troubled, tho' they pick the crumbs
That from the rich man's table fall, at length
In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.
Themselves meantime secure their good things here
And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord,
Who in thy plain and simple gospel see
All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoined,
No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them
Who shed their brethren's blood,—blind at noon
day
As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness !

O my God !

I thank thee that I am not such as these,
I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart
That feels, the voice that in these evil days

Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself
And cries aloud against iniquity.

Southey.

REMEMBRANCE.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends ;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends ;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before.
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.
To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?

Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lightens as she counts the hours
That hasten his return.
From hard controul and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
The child's sad thoughts will roam ;
And tears will struggle in his eye,
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes : the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind ;

Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find !

Then is not youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy ?

Ah ! no ; for hopes too long delayed,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,

The fabled bliss destroy ;
And he remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives

And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of youth

Its generous warmth is gone ;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed

The dull realities of truth ;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,

With feeble step and slow ;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late

That all is vanity below ;
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,

Yet Age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

Southey.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
 The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby;
 Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
 Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound;
 For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
 Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
 And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
 The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall
 The day again, and gladness fill the vale; [hail
 So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
 Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
 Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
 The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine:
 And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
 Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
 The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
 ' 'Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled.'

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
 Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
 And violets scattered round; and old and young,
 In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
 Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower;

When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping's heard where only joy has been ;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life ;—so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening-fire ;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching-hour !
Rogers.

DESPONDENCY.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh ;
O life ! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear !
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear !
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb !

Happy ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every sad returning night,
 And joyless morn the same,
 You bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream :
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part ;
The lucky moment to improve,

And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art :
But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest !
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown !
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own !
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish !
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage !
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age !

Burns.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

How thick the shades of evening close !
How pale the sky with weight of snows !
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire !

—Alas, in vain I try within
To raise the dull, dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins ;
While winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in Nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please ?
Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care :
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleasure's queen !
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest ;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astrea's reign)
The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,
In happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye,
The year's returning pomp to spy :
He saw the radiant God of day
Lead round the globe the rosy May ;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers ;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,

All gay with smiles, to see below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And fields, and flocks, and swains rejoice:
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heav'n design'd
To rule the pulse that moves the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever chance or nature brings
To strain the tuneful poize within,
And disarrange the sweet machine;
Thou, Goddess, with a master-hand
Dost each attemper'd key command,
Refine the soft and swell the strong,
Till all is concord, all is song.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Best banisher of home-bred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deform the scene where thou art by:
No sick'ning husband damns the hour
That bound his joys to female pow'r:
No pining mother weeps the cares
That parents waste on hopeless heirs:
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother rises to the friend:
By thee their board with flowers is crown'd,
By thee with songs their walks resound,
By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
And evening-hours in peace decline.

Behold the youth, whose trembling heart
Beats high with Love's unpitied smart;

Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
 And weeping wears the lonely hours;
 Or, if the nymph her audience deign,
 Shames the soft story of his pain
 With slavish looks, discolor'd eyes,
 And accents faltering into sighs;
 Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
 Canst yield him happier hearts to please,
 Exalt his mien to manlier charms,
 Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
 With more commanding passion move,
 And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
 For thee I court the Muse again;
 And may the votive lay disclose
 How much to thy fair aid she owes!
 See, when thy touch reveals her mine,
 How pure the stores of fancy shine;
 Hark! when thy breath her song impels,
 How full the tuneful current swells.
 Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
 Instruct the nightly strains of Young;
 But thine was Homer's ancient might,
 And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
 Thy myrtles crown'd the Lesbian meads: *
 Thy voice awak'd Sicilian reeds; †
 Thy breath perfumes the Teian rose, ‡
 And Tiber's vine spontaneous flows;
 While Horace wantons in thy quire;
 The gods and heroes of the lyre.

See where the pale, the sick'ning sage
 (A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
 Perhaps by tender griefs oppress,
 Or glooms congenial to his breast)

* Alcæus and Sappho.

† Theocritus.

‡ Anacreon.

Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid,
He sees the nightly damps arise,
And gathering storms involve the skies ;
He hears the neighb'ring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole ;
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by ev'ry horrid sound,
He pants to traverse Nature's ways :
But evils haunt him through the maze :
He views ten thousand demons rise,
To wield the empire of the skies,
And Chance and Fate assume the rod,
And Malice blots the throne of God.
—O Thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
Thy lenient influence hither bring ;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom
Till Nature wears her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale :
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To tracé the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds in discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues the hostile forms to rest,
And bids the universe be blest.

O Thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame ;

Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace corroding care.
But most exert thy genial power
On friendship's consecrated hour:
And while my Agis leads the road
To fearless Wisdom's high abode;
Or, warm in Freedom's sacred cause,
Pursues the light of Grecian laws;
Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils
With all thy garlands, all thy smiles.
But if, by fortune's stubborn sway
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the Muses healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent, tender themes
As just the struggling breast may cheer,
And just suspend the starting tear;
Yet leave that charming sense of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.

Akenside.

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A SHADOW moving by one's side,
That would a substance seem,—
That is, yet is not,— though descried—
Like skies beneath the stream:
A tree that's ever in the bloom,
Whose fruit is never ripe;
A wish for joys that never come,—
Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark, inevitable night,
A blank that will remain ;
A waiting for the morning light,
When waiting is in vain ;
A gulph where pathway never led
To show the depth beneath ;
A thing we know not, yet we dread,—
That dreaded thing is Death.

The vaulted void of purple sky
That everywhere extends,
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
In space that never ends :
A morning whose uprisen sun
No setting e'er shall see ;
A day that comes without a noon,—
Such is Eternity.

TO MY SOUL.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

BE patient yet, my Soul, thou hast not long
To groan beneath accumulated wrong :
Soon, very soon, I trust, the galling yoke
That clogs thee now, for ever shall be broke.
It comes, thy freedom comes ; from grief arise
Prepare, exulting, for thy native skies ;
Soon, very soon, this world's unholy dreams,
Its poor possessors, and their trifling schemes
Shall worthless seem to thee, as leaves embrown'd
That blasts autumnal scatter o'er the ground.
O then, from all of earthly taint made free,
What scenes unthought thy blessed eyes may see !

Perhaps commission'd thou shalt bend thy flight,
 Where worlds and suns roll far from mortal sight,
 And, hail'd by beings pure, who know no care,
 Thy gracious Master's high behests declare:
 Or raptur'd bend, amid the seraph band,
 That round the throne of light, attending stand,
 To golden harps their dulcet voices raise,
 And ceaseless hymn the great Creator's praise.
 O while such hopes await, can aught on Earth,
 My conscious soul, to one sad sigh give birth?
 Be far each anxious thought, no more repine,
 Soon shall the crown of Amaranth be thine.

Davenport.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE;—the world shut out; thy thoughts call
 home;—

Imagination's airy wing repress;—

Lock up thy senses; let no passion stir;—

Wake all to Reason;—let her reign alone:

Then in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire—

‘What am I? and from whence?—I nothing
 know

‘But that I am; and since I am, conclude

‘Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,

‘Nought still had been:—eternal there must be.—

‘But what eternal? Why not human race?

‘And Adam's ancestors without an end?—

‘That's hard to be conceiv'd, since every link

‘Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail,

‘Can every part depend, and not the whole?

- ‘ Yet grant it true, new difficulties rise ;
- ‘ I’m still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
- ‘ Whence earth, and these bright orbs ?—Eternal too?—
- ‘ Grant matter was eternal, still these orbs
- ‘ Would want some other father ;—much design
- ‘ Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
- ‘ Design implies intelligence and art ;
- ‘ That can’t be from themselves—or man : that art
- ‘ Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?
- ‘ And nothing greater yet allow’d than man.—
- ‘ Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
- ‘ Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?
- ‘ Who bid brute matter’s restive lump assume
- ‘ Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
- ‘ Has matter innate motion ? then each atom,
- ‘ Asserting its indisputable right
- ‘ To dance, would form an universe of dust :
- ‘ Has matter none ? Then whence these glorious forms
- ‘ And boundless flights, from shapeless and repos’d ?
- ‘ Has matter more than motion ? has it thought,
- ‘ Judgment, and genius ? is it deeply learned
- ‘ In mathematics ? has it fram’d such laws,
- ‘ Which but to guess a Newton made immortal ?—
- ‘ If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
- ‘ And that with greater far than human skill,
- ‘ Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns.—
- ‘ And, if a God there is, that God how great !’

Young.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

GOD of my life, and author of my days!
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
 And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
 That hallow'd name to harps of seraphs sung.
 Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
 Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
 Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry different sphere
 Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
 All Nature faints beneath the mighty name
 Which Nature's works thro' all her parts proclaim.
 I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
 And breathe an awful stillness through my soul;
 As by a charm the waves of grief subside;
 Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide:
 At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
 And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
 Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
 And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;
 Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
 And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon alas! this holy calm is broke;
 My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
 With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
 And mingles with the dross of earth again.
 But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
 Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
 His Spirit ever brooding o'er our mind,
 Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;
 Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
 And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give,
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live :
From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
Still every wish that centres not in thee ;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and through flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware !
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee :
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live ;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky ;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on every tree :
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees ;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk ;

In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
Thus shall I rest unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.
Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate,
I stand, and stretch my view to either state :
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

Barbauld.

HOPE AT DEATH.

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!
And all the Phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!

Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die !
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun !
Where Time's far-wand'ring tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears:
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !
Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze ;
The noon of Heav'n undazzled by the blaze,
On Heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?
Back to its heav'nly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ;

Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driv'n,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heav'n,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bick'ring wheels, and adamantine car ;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun !
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of
Time,

Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade—
When all the sister planets have decay'd ;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !

Campbell.

DEATH.

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
 I woo thee, Death ! In Fancy's fairy paths
 Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
 The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys
 I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour
 This solemn hour, when silence rules the world
 And wearied nature makes a general pause ;
 Wrapt in night's sable robe, thro' cloisters drear,
 And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
 Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
 With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
 Of Death !—Deep in a murky cave's recess,
 Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
 By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
 Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
 Of busy noontide-beam the monarch sits
 In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
 At his right hand, nearest himself in place,
 And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin,
 With fatal industry and cruel care
 Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
 And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
 From her infernal store ; around him rang'd
 In terrible array, and mixture strange
 Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.
 Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
 And firmest friend : next him, diseases thick,
 A motley train ; Fever, with cheek of fire ;
 Consumption wan ; Palsy, half warm with life,
 And half a clay-cold lump ; joint-torturing Gout,

And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
 Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
 Full gorg'd.—There too the Pestilence that walks
 In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
 At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
 Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and when,
 By Heaven's command, Death waves his ebon wand
 Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
 And scatter desolation o'er the Earth.

Ill-fated man, for whom such various forms
 Of misery wait, and mark their future prey!
 Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make
 This creature, Man? Why wake th' unconscious
 dust

To life and wretchedness? O better far
 Still had he slept in uncreated night,
 If this the lot of being!—Was it for this
 Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
 The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
 Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
 For this dominion given him absolute
 O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
 Supreme in woe? From the bless'd source of good
 Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ills
 Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
 The impious thought! God never made a creature,
 But what was good, He made a living Soul:
 The wretched Mortal was the work of Man.
 Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
 Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
 No fear of change, no check to his desires,
 Save one command. That one command, which
 stood

"Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedience,

Urg'd on by wanton curiosity
He broke.—There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's Works. The same rash hand
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook through all her
frame.

Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heaven's cheerful face to low'r: then vapours
choak'd

The troubled air, and form'd a vale of clouds
To hide the willing sun. The Earth, convuls'd
With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars; and insect, bird, and beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
Th' infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, th' offended Lord of man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best-lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd,
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)
The countenance of God, and through the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope, sent from Hea-
ven,

Uprais'd the drooping head, and show'd afar
A happier scene of things; the promis'd seed
Trampling upon the serpent's humbled crest;
Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dark grave
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,

No more the limit but the gate of life.

Cheer'd with the view, Man went to till the earth
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil,
As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath
So merciful is Heaven!) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death.—Death, though de-
nounc'd,

Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenour of his way; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temperance rul'd his board;
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet
Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as he, to run
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant
strength

He stem'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And looking round saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the Earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline

He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was Man ;
So calm was life, so impotent was Death.
O, had he but preserv'd these few remains,
The shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
Of innocence primeval, still had he liv'd
In ruin great, though fallen, yet not forlorn ;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With death in every shape ! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes. 'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world ; and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest born of Hell, imbru'd
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which Nature never made,
And God abhor'd ; with violence rude to break
The thread of life, ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud, to snatch a single life !
Puny impiety ! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of pow'r : more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast.—One murder made a villain ;
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah ! why will kings forget that they are men !
And men, that they are brethren ? Why delight
In human sacrifice ? Why burst the ties

Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?

Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin.—Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to roar;
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the Earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose;
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and strength,
and youth,

Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war?—Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousands slays;
Peace its ten thousands; in th' embattled plain,
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth;
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and Passion steers his course;
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,

Where Virtue takes her stand ; but if too far
He launches forth, beyond Discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance ! O happier far
To lie, like gallant Howe, 'midst Indian wilds,
A breathless corpse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause ; than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemperance, and Disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye Sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty stricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas ! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers !—Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days ;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face Despair ;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile ; look down and see
Thy future mansion—Why, that start of horror ?
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel ?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that, with his crimes all fresh about
him,

Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back,
With insolent disdain, his choicest gift ?

Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears, and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul; so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live: with patience wait
Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Though Nature run her course; but Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life.—O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To Heaven ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath;
Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down;
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but, starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
The astonish'd Earth, and from his looks throws
 round
Unutterable horror and dismay:
All Nature lends her aid. Each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation; or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race.—Sometimes, when all seems
 peace,

Wakes the grim Whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their graves, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a
youth

Floats on the watery bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore.—At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop; no friend, no refuge near;
All, all is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death!

But ah! what means that ruinous roar? Why fail
These tottering feet?—Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and, trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
Hurls to the ground, with one convulsive heave,
Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave: not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons; the house that should protect,
Entombs its master; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious
Heaven,

O snatch me from destruction! If this globe,
This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?

Where look for succour? Where, but up to Thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save thy suppliant
From horrors such as these!—At thy good time
Let Death approach; I reckon not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke:
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life,
Then shed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead
Let cheerful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly, Thou,
Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain.—Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,

Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
 Till my wrapt soul, anticipating Heaven,
 Bursts from the thralldom of encumbering clay,
 And on the wings of ecstasy upborne,
 Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

Porteus.

THE DEATH OF HAIDEE.

From the Fourth Canto of "Don Juan."

THE last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
 And he himself o'ermaster'd and cut down;
 His blood was running on the very floor
 Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
 Thus much she viewed an instant and no more—
 Her struggle ceased with one convulsive groan;
 On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
 Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

A vein had burst—and her sweet lips' pure dyes
 Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran
 o'er;

And her head droop'd as when the lily lies
 O'ercharg'd with rain; the summon'd handmaids
 bore

Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes:
 Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
 But she defied all means they could employ,
 Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy!

Days layshe in that state, unchang'd, though chill,
 With nothing livid, still her lips were red;

She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still;
No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead;
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
All hope: to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul,
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,
But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
O'er the Laocoon's all-eternal throes,
And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
Their energy like life forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

She woke at length—but not as sleeper's wake—
Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat, still true,
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
For, for awhile, the furies made a pause.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her, without asking why,
And reck'd not who around her pillow sat;
Not speechless, though she spoke not: a sigh
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick
chat
Were tried in vain by those who served—she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watch'd—she turn'd her eyes away—
She recognized no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherish'd in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
Gentle, but without memory, she lay; [ing
And yet those eyes, which they would fain be wean-
Back to old thoughts, seem'd full of fearful meaning.

At last a slave bethought her of a harp;
The harper came, and tuned his instrument;
At first the notes—irregular and sharp—
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;
Then to the wall she turn'd, as if to warp,
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart
re-sent,
And he begun a long low island song,
Of ancient days—ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of love: the fierce name struck thro' all
Her recollection; on her flash'd the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being; in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her unclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Short solace, vain relief!—thought came too quick,
And whirl'd her brain to madness; she arose
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close:

Hers was a phrenzy which disdain'd to rave,
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense;
Nothing could make her meet her father's face,
Though on all other things with looks intense
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace;
Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence
Avail'd for either; neither change of place,
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone for ever.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her past;
And they who watch'd her nearest could not
know

The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!

Byron.

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came and brought no
day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread

Of this their desolation ; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light :
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face ;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch :
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd ;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them ; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept ; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world ; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd ; the wild birds
shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food ;
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again ;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart

Gorging himself in gloom : no love was left ;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the drooping dead
Lured their lank jaws ! himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degress ; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies ; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton
hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and make a flame
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and
died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.

The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths :
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they
dropp'd

They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave,
The moon their mistress had expired before ;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd ; darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the universe.

Byron.

THE FUTURE.

WHEN coldness wraps the suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays th' immortal mind ?

It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.

Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way ?

Or fill at once the realms of space,

A thing of eyes, that all survey ?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,

A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,

Shall it survey, shall it recall :

Each fainter trace that memory holds

So darkly of departed years,

In one broad glance the soul beholds,

And all that was at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure;
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

Byron.

IMMORTALITY.

'THE meanest herb we trample in the field,
 ' Or in the garden nurture, when its leaf
 ' In Autumn dies, forebodes another Spring,
 ' And from short slumber wakes to life again.
 ' Man wakes no more! Man, peerless, valiant, wise,
 ' Once chill'd by death, sleeps hopeless in the dust,
 ' A long, unbroken, never-ending sleep!'

Such was thy plaint, untutor'd bard,* when May,
 As now, the lawns revived! 'Twas thine to rove
 Darkling, ere yet from Death's reluctant shade,
 In cloudless majesty, the Son of God

* Moschus, who flourished about two hundred years before Christ.

Sprang glorious ; while hell's ruler, he who late,
With frantic scoffs of triumph, to his powers
Pointed the sad procession as it moved
From Calvary to the yet unclosed tomb,
Saw the grave yield its conqueror ; and aghast,
Shunned, in the deepest midnight of his realms,
The wrath of earth's and heaven's Almighty Lord.

Said the desponding lay, ' Man wakes no more !'
O blind ! who read'st not in the teeming soil,
The freshening meadow, and the bursting wood,
A nobler lesson !—He who spake the word,
And the sun rose from Chaos, while the abyss
From the new fires with shuddering surge recoil'd ;
He, at whose voice the moon's nocturnal beam,
And starry legions, on the admiring earth
Rained lustre ; He, whose providence the change
Of day and night, and seasons crown'd with food,
And health and peace proclaim'd, bade Nature's
Point to the scenes of dim futurity. [hand

He on a world, in Gentile darkness lost,
Pitying look down : He to bewilder'd man
Bade Spring, with annual admonition, hold
Her emblematic taper : not with light
Potent each shade of doubt and fear to chase,
Yet friendly through the gloom to guide his way,
Till the dawn crimson'd, and the impatient East,
Shouting for joy, the day-star's advent hail'd.

That star has risen, and with a glow that shames
The sun's meridian splendour, has illumined,
Eternity ! thy wonders : and as hills,
Far seen, by telescopic power draw nigh ;
Regions of bliss and realms of penal doom,
More clear, more sure than earth to mortal ken,
Beyond the shades of Death to Faith reveals !

Yet may this sylvan wild, from Winter's grasp
 Now rescued, bid the soul on loftiest hopes
 Musing elate, anticipate the hour
 When, at the archangel's voice, the slumbering dust
 Shall wake, nor earth nor sea withhold her dead:
 When starting at the crash of bursting tombs,
 Of mausoleums rent, and pyramids
 Heaved from their base, the tyrant of the grave,
 Propp'd on his broken sceptre, while the crown
 Falls from his head, beholds his prison-house
 Emptied of all its habitants; beholds
 Mortal in immortality absorb'd
 Corruptible in incorruption lost. *Gisborne.*

THE GRAVE.

The house appointed for all living. *Job.*

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
 Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
 Their aims as various as the roads they take
 In journeying through life;—the task be mine
 To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
 Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
 These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
 Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
 The keys of Hell and Death.—The Grave, dread
 thing,
 Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature, appall'd,
 Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
 Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
 Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
 night,

Dark as was Chaos, ere the infant Sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper,
By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty
vaults,

Furr'd round with mouldy damp and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold Moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds:
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane!—the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles,
Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
'scutcheons

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their
slumbers,

In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half
down

Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd
here :

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine checkering through the
trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.

Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight! slow-moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,

Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than Nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought, the shrill-tongued
thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and softened every note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress.—Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness

Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose every look and gesture was a joke
'To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made e'en thick-lipp'd musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunder-bolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in its swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,

And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.

Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
Oh, cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the baser born, to rot in state!

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding
on,

Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glittering in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation poms,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard the unwieldy show; whilst from the case-
ments,

And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fallen into digrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which

You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death, nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-famed sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-lived
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all-subduing Time; her cank'ring hand,
With calm deliberate malice, wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravaged kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest ; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought ! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn
That haunts and dogs them, like an injured ghost
Implacable. Here too, the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And griped them like some lordly beast of prey ;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery ;
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature as his lord ;)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
kinsman ;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest : vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind ; [t'ry,
The Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flat-
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty ! thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before,
The Grave discredits thee : thy charms expunged,

Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low-laid;
Whilst, surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscared. For this, was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labours at thy glass?
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too—thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dared thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it;
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!

Oh ! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly,
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliah
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still. What! mean'st thou then, O mighty
boaster!

To vaunt of nerves of thine? What! means the bull
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage, close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to passers by.

Great man of language, whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts

In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue:

Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast

Unceasing. Ah ! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tuned voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase ?
Ah ! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been !
Razed from the book of fame, or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narratives, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along ;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb !
Spite of their juleps and catholicons
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son !
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health ?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escaped thy rifling hand : from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire ;—nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escaped thy deep research.
But why this apparatus ? why this cost ?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave !
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures ?
Alas ! thou speakest not.—The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here, the lank-sided miser, worst of felons !
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift !
From back and belly too, their proper cheer ;
Eased of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay

To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodged
By clam'rous appetites no longer teased,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah ! where are his rents, his comings in ?
Ay ! now you've made the rich man poor indeed :
Robb'd of his goods, what has he left behind ?
O cursed lust of gold ! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds ;
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death !
To him that is at ease in his possessions ;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come !
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain ! How wistfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers !
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh ! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight !
Her very eyes weep blood ; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on ;
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die ! my soul !
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view !
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side !
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,

And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part:
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge:
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceased to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprang; then might the debau-
chee [drunkard

Untrembling mouth the heavens ; then might the
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death ; then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tired of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleased,
And by what way ; whether by hemp or steel ;
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could
force

The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there's an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?

Forbid it, Heav'n! Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge;
As if we challenged him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath! Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserved for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not: this we know
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission:
Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're relieved.
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad:
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead! will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death: twas kindly done
To knock and give the alarm. But what means
This stinted charity? 'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws

Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more ;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves : Well—'tis no matter :
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick ! Here falls the village
swain,

And there his pamper'd lord ! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by ?

'Tis long since death had the majority ;
Yet, strange ! the living lay it not to heart.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle !

Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear ; with mattock in his hand,

Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors ! Scarce a skull's cast up,

But well he knew its owner ; and can tell

Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand,

The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years ;

And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale ; when drunkards meet,

None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand

More willing to his cup. Poor wretch ! he minds not,
That soon some trusty brother of the trade

Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out

Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers

In the world's hale and undegen'rate days

Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,

Never to think of death and of ourselves

At the same time ! as if to learn to die

Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish !
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive ; when for aught we know
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world ?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once lived ;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring ; in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet !
The shiv'ring Iceland, and sun-burnt Moor ;
Men of all climes, that never met before ;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negociators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts :
Now vain their treaty-skill ! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders ; and, when the stern
tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate, and plain presbyter,
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant ; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters ;
The barren wife : the long demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here !
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody, [shrew,
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongued
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;
The just, the good, the worthless, the prophane ;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel and the mean ;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man ! how happy once in thy first state
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleased,
Smiled on his last fair work.—Then all was well :
Sound was the body, and the soul serene ;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache ; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within : no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom : summer seas
Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern
winds,

Just ready to expire. Scarce importuned,
The generous soil, with a luxuriant hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind.

Blessed, thrice blessed days ! but ah, how short !
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slippery state of things ! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history ! To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes !
Thus fared it with our Sire : not long he enjoyed
His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go ?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man ? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.

Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay;
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd;
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
Dreadful experiment! Destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen is success.
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits
Like those of angels, short and far between;
Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell-scaped train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel;
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee,
Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails,
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,

Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swollen inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these! Sin has laid waste,
Nor here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching, at a wide extended blow,
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.

Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sickneses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round;
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
heels,

Wades deep in blood new-spilt: yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause—and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty, and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!

Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
Famine and War were not thy caterers.

But know that thou must render up the dead,
And with high interest too! They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.—

Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immured; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know
The illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold: self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
The spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,

And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince
Not for himself alone obtains admission,
But for his train.—It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears;
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwithering bloom,
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome Death!
That after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe

On the long wish'd for shore. Prodigious change;
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death, disarm'd,
Loses its fellness quite; all thanks to Him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away;
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then! O then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Even the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain; the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate; and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!

Ask not how this can be. Sure the same power
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
 Through length of days; and what he can, he will:
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.

When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering
 dust,
 Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
 And every joint possess its former place,
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake its partner; but, amidst the crowd,
 Singling its other half, into its arms
 Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
 That's new come home, and, having long been
 absent,
 With haste runs over every different room,
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
 Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
 Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
 Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings and bears away.
Blair.

FUTURITY.

RISE, spectres, rise! some pitying ghost appear,
 And pour the grave's dread secret in mine ear!

Ye live, ye live ! Yes, by the generous glow
Of Virtue struggling through a night of woe !
By the fell tyrant on his blood-stain'd throne ;
By nameless wretchedness that dies alone ;
By lovely Hope, who soothes the parting sigh ;
By Faith, bright beaming from the death-fix'd eye ;
Ye live ! From forth the narrow dark abode
The spirit steals some viewless unknown road ;—
Then, each fond tie to earth and matter broke
By the free soul, disdainful of the yoke,
Shall it not soar on vigorous pens away
Beyond the ken of thought and golden eye of day ?
Or, by fierce flames from mortal dross refined,
Shall it not mingle with the mass of mind,
Absorb'd and lost the old familiar store
Of treasuring Memory's many-colour'd lore ?
Or does this self, this conscious self, remain
Awake to human joys, to human pain ?
Hangs the fond mother o'er her orphan's head ?
Cheers the loved spouse the widow's sorrowing bed ?
In airy watch do guardian spirits stand,
And guide our faltering steps, an angel band ?
Or, senseless, hush'd in lone sepulchral gloom,
Sleeps the regardless tenant of the tomb,
Till the dread blast shall rouse the silent earth,
And joyful Nature start to second birth,
All nations waken from the awful trance,
And realms and times in wondering gaze advance,
While Memory's voice renews its tuneful sound,
And marshals all the tribes of earth around,
Bids fresh reviving scenes salute their eyes,
And friends with friends to virtuous bliss arise ?
Cease, curious thoughts ! too thick the shades of
night

Veil the dread future from our anxious sight ;
 The boldest thoughts here urge their course in vain,
 Nor pass one bulwark of the drear domain.
 Then, when the last faint panting heaves my heart,
 And weary life stands fluttering to depart,
 One beam of joy shall warm my trembling soul
 And doubt's dun clouds to awful distance roll,
 Truth's angel form my fleeting spirit own,
 And spring to clasp her in the world unknown.

Aikin.

WHERE IS HE?

Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?

Job.

AND where is he? Not by the side
 Of her whose wants he lov'd to tend;
 Not o'er those valleys wand'ring wide,
 Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend;
 That form belov'd he marks no more,
 Those scenes admir'd no more shall see;
 Those scenes are lovely as before,
 And she as fair;—but where is he?

No, no; the radiance is not dim,
 That us'd to gild his fav'rite hill;
 The pleasures that were dear to him,
 Are dear to life and nature still:
 But, ah! his home is not as fair,
 Neglected must his gardens be,
 The lilies droop and wither there,
 And seem to whisper, ' Where is he?'

His was the pomp, the crowded hall,
 But where is now this proud display!
 His riches, honours, pleasures, all
 Desire could frame; but where are they?
 And he, as some tall rock that stands
 Protected by the circling sea,
 Surrounded by admiring bands,
 Seem'd proudly strong—and where is he?

The churchyard bears an added stone,
 The fireside shows a vacant chair;
 Here Sadness dwells, and weeps alone,
 And death displays his banner there:
 The life is gone, the breath has fled,
 And what has been no more shall be;
 The well-known form, the welcome tread,
 O where are they, and where is he?

Neele.

WRITTEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

SAD solitary *Thought*, who keep'st thy vigils,
 Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind;
 Communing lonely with his sinking soul,
 And musing on the dubious glooms that lie
 In dim obscurity before him,—thee,
 Wrapt in thy dark magnificence, I call
 At this still midnight hour, this awful season,
 When on my bed, in wakeful restlessness,
 I turn me wearisome; while all around,
 All, all, save me, sink in forgetfulness;

I only wake to watch the sickly taper
Which lights me to my tomb.—Yea 'tis the hand
Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
Slow sapping the warm current of existence.
My moments now are few—the sand of life
Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,
And the last fleeting particle will fall,
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
Come then, sad Thought, and let us meditate
While meditate we may.—We have now
But a small portion of what men call time
To hold communion; for even now the knife,
The separating knife, I feel divide
The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.
Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die;
And though to me has life been dark and dreary,
Though Hope for me has smiled but to deceive,
And Disappointment still pursued her blandish-
ments,
Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me
As I contemplate the dim gulf of Death,
The shuddering void, the awful blank—futuraity.
Ay, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
And 'fraught with loveliness'; and it is hard
To feel the hand of Death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none;—another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,
As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets

Of busy London:—Some short bustle's caused,
 A few enquiries, and the clouds close in,
 And all's forgotten.—On my grassy grave
 The men of future times will careless tread,
 And read my name upon the sculptured stone;
 Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
 Recall my vanish'd memory.—I did hope
 For better things!—I hoped I should not leave
 The earth without a vestige;—Fate decrees
 It shall be otherwise, and I submit.
 Henceforth, oh, world, no more of thy desires;
 No more of hope! the wanton vagrant Hope!
 I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me,
 And my tired soul, with emulative haste,
 Looks to its God, and prunes its wings for Heaven.
H. K. White.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THY Justice, heav'nly king! and that great day,
 When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
 Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
 Rang'd unprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
 I sing advent'rous.—But what eye can pierce
 The vast immeasurable realms of space,
 O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
 To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits,
 First-born of Heav'n, to judge assembled worlds,
 Cloth'd in celestial radiance? Can the Muse,
 Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
 Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
 Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
 Hymn hallelujahs, and in concert loud

Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
Of Fancy me enchanted, ne'er could lure
To rove o'er fairy lands; to swim the streams
That through her valleys wave their mazy way;
Or climb her mountain tops: yet will I raise
My feeble voice to tell what harmony
(Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
Attunes the moral world; that Virtue still
May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride may
own

Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heav'n.

Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
That divine particle which God's own breath
Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
Why every nation, ev'ry clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world,
Where wickedness shall weep? Why Paynim bards
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarian lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
Banquets and blooming nymphs? or rather tell,
Why on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends

Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?
Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and mis'ry is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear;
But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes,
Neglected and forlorn: Disease and Cold,
And Famine, worst of ills, her steps attend.
Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes on yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine.
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heav'n: of Heav'n he never names the name,
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his rosy cheek: yet Honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

Seest thou this, righteous Father! seest thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay; Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguished to the land
Where all things are forgot?—Ah, no! the day

Will come when Virtue from the clouds shall burst,
That long obscur'd her beams ; when Sin shall fly
Back to her native Hell ; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness ! where no star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound
(That trump which once in Heav'n on man's revolt
Convok'd th' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.
Then shall th' assembled nations of the Earth
From every quarter at the judgment-seat
Unite ; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians ; and they who dwelt on Tiber's banks,
Names fam'd of old ; or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wild terrene ; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks ; or, where the sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise,
Whom distant ages to each others' sight
Had long denied : before the throne shall kneel
Some great progenitor, while at his side
Stand his descendants through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and scepter'd kings,
With equal eye the God of all shall see,
And judge with equal love. What tho' the great
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
Embalm'd his poor remains ; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chanted slow orisons ? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound
turf

Long lay neglected? All at once shall rise,
But not to equal glory: for, alas!
With howlings dire, and execrations loud,
Some wail their fatal birth. First among these
Behold the mighty murd'ers of mankind;
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood! How will they curse
The madness of ambition! How lament
Their dear-bought laurels; when the widow'd wife
And childless mother at the judgment-seat
Plead trumpet-tongu'd against them!—Here are
they

Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
Or, with unkindness hard, and cold disdain,
Slighted a brother's sufferings.—Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,
And ate the orphan's bread; who spent their stores
In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold
Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap.
Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial bed;—
Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;—or broke the ties
Of hospitable friendship;—and the wretch
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd, to the presence of his God,
Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit Earth, and, though oppress'd
With all that pain and famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life? Vain wish! the judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment! Seek not to know
What punishment! for that th' Almighty will
Has hid from mortal eyes: and shall vain man

With curious search refin'd, presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father? No! let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths; so shall his meed
Be great in Heav'n, so haply shall he 'scape
Th' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who bound in tenfold chains
Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
And in the place of Heaven's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them in vain
Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year;
In vain the Sun, or herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r
Shed genial influence mild; and the pale Moon
Repair'd her waning orb.—Next these is plac'd
The vile blasphemer; he, whose impious wit
Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
And 'gainst th' impenetrable walls of Heav'n
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
The Arch Apostate: he, with many a wile,
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black despair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking
souls:

In agonies of grief they curse the hour
When first they left Religion's onward way.
These on the left are rang'd; but on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defied
Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Gospel's light: some long immur'd
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or, rack'd with all the agonies of pain,

Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy they
Whom Heav'n elected to that glorious strife!
Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping head;
And on the labours of a future race
Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good Seaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence
Fost'ring fair Genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual offerings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.
Here is that fav'rite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best-lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whose gates
Stood ever open to the stranger's call;
Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
Who heard the widow's tender tale, and shook
The galling shackle from the pris'ner's feet;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-eyed, heaven-descended Charity.
O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces! how shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid! and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening Pride
Puff up with vain conceit; ne'er didst thou smile
To see the sinner as a verdant tree
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream;
While, like some blasted trunk, the righteous fall
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no
more,

And this great day is come, thou by the throne
 Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid!
 Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
 And through the adamantine gates of Heav'n
 Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulf
 And dark abyss, where Sin and Satan reign!

But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
 Tell how that restless element of fire
 Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
 And deluge all creation? Whether (so
 Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
 Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on
 Thwarting th' ecliptic, where th' unconscious Earth
 Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
 With force centripetal into his orb
 Attract her, long reluctant; or the caves,
 Those dead volcanos, where engend'ring lie
 Sulphureous minerals, from the dark abyss
 Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
 As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand
 Rains fierce combustion.—Where are now the
 works

Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now
 Th' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
 Trophies and pillars? Where is Egypt's boast,
 Those lofty pyramids, which high in air
 Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
 Of Memphian's pride a lasting monument?—
 Tell me where Athens rais'd her tow'rs? where
 Thebes

Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
 Stood sea-girt Albion? where imperial Rome,
 Propt by seven hills, sat like a scepter'd queen,
 And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—

Show me the rampart which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley, stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring bow.
But what is mimic Art? E'en Nature's work,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams,
And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriff, cloud-piercing height!
O'erhang th' Atlantic surge; nor that fam'd cliff,
Through which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now
The Alps, that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the ocean stream
Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Arrarat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
First rested, when the Earth with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: Heaven itself,
That azure vault, with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost:
No more shall planets round their central Sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the Moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd stars,
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wond'rous height, to read their
names

And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on Earth)

Is lost) shall rend from Heaven the mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through night's dark gloom—Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth
That lisps the falt'ring strain.—O may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!—

————— ' Power Supreme!

' O everlasting King! to thee I kneel,
' To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
' Melt, all ye elements! And thou, high Heav'n,
' Shrink like a shrivell'd scroll! But think, O Lord,
' Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
' Think on thy own bright image! Think on him
' Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
' And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember man!

Glynn.

THE SEA OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

————— Methought I saw
Life swiftly treading over endless space;
And, at her foot-print, but a bygone pace,
The ocean past, which, with increasing wave,
Swallow'd her steps like a pursuing grave.

Sad were my thoughts that anchor'd silently
On the dead waters of that passionless sea,

Unstirr'd by any touch of living breath :
Silence hung over it, and drowsy Death,
Like a gorged sea-bird, slept with folded wings
On crowded carcasses—sad passive things
That wore the thin gray surface, like a veil
Over the calmness of their features pale.

And there were spring-faced cherubs that did sleep
Like water-lilies on that motionless deep,
How beautiful ! with bright unruffled hair
On sleek unfretted brows, and eyes that were
Buried in marble tombs, a pale eclipse !
And smile-bedimpled cheeks, and pleasant lips,
Meekly apart, as if the soul intense
Spake out in dreams of its own innocence :
And so they lay in loveliness, and kept
The birth-night of their peace, that Life e'en wept
With very envy of their happy fronts ;
For there were neighbour brows scarr'd by the brunts
Of strife and sorrowing—where Care had set
His crooked autograph, and marr'd the jet
Of glossy locks, with hollow eyes forlorn,
And lips that curl'd in bitterness and scorn—
Wretched, as they had breathed of this world's pain,
And so bequeath'd it to the world again
Through the beholder's heart in heavy sighs.

So lay they garmented in torpid light,
Under the pall of a transparent night,
Like solemn apparitions lull'd sublime
To everlasting rest,—and with them Time
Slept, as he sleeps upon the silent face
Of a dark dial in a sunless place.

INSCRIPTIONS.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER, AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

Akenside.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king

(Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
 Till thou hast bless'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks which God appointed the reward
 Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
 Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down intire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.
Akenside.

FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY.

ART thou a Patriot, Traveller? on this field
 Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the brave,
 Beneath a Tyrant's banners: dost thou boast
 Of loyal ardour? Hampden perished here,
 The rebel Hampden, at whose glorious name
 The heart of every honest Englishman
 Beats high with conscious pride. Both uncorrupt,
 Friends to their common country both; they fought,
 They died in adverse armies. Traveller!
 If with thy neighbour thou shouldst not accord,
 In charity remember these good men,
 And quell each angry and injurious thought.
Southey.

ON THE PEDESTAL OF A BUST OF J. H. TOOKE.

BEHOLD the man, who, touch'd by human woe,
 Stood, though alone, Oppression's constant foe;

With reason's light, reviv'd the patriot flame,
And dragg'd forth public guilt to public shame :
Fell Vengeance arm'd Corruption's harpy tribe,
And strove to murder whom they could not bribe.
Dauntless he brav'd the storm ; still, undismay'd,
Proclaim'd the people and their rights betray'd :
Made Nero tremble on his blood-stain'd throne,
And Truth and Freedom mark'd him for their own.

ON A JUTTING STONE OVER A SPRING.

THIS sycamore, oft musical with bees,
(Such tents the Patriarchs lov'd) O long unharm'd
May all its darksome boughs o'ercanopy
The small round bason, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves ! still may this spring
Quietly, as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold water for the traveller
With soft and even pulse ! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its noiseless dance,
That at the bottom, like a fairy's page,
As merry, and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount !
Here coolness dwell, and twilight. Here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far, and find no second tree,
Here, stranger, drink ! Here rest ! And, if thy
heart
Be innocent, here too may'st thou renew
Thy spirits, listening to these gentle sounds,
The passing gale, or ever-murmuring bees.

Coleridge.

FOR A RUSTIC SEAT NEAR THE SEA.

To him, who many a night upon the main
At midwatch, from the bounding vessel's side
Shiv'ring, has listen'd to the rocking tide,
O how delightful smile thy views again,
Fair Land! the shelter'd hut, and far-seen mill
That safe sails round and round; the tripping rill
That o'er the gray sand glitters; the clear sky,
Beneath whose blue vault shines the village tow'r,
That high elms, swaying in the wind, embow'r;
And hedge-rows, where the small birds' melody
Solace the lithe and loit'ring peasant lad!
O Stranger, is thy pausing fancy sad
At thought of many evils which do press
On wide humanity?—Look up—address
The God which made the world! but let thy heart
Bethankful, though some heavy thoughts have part;
That, shelter'd from the human storm's career,
Thou meetest innocence and quiet here.

Bowles.

FOR A DRUID'S CELL.

STAY, passenger, and view a Druid's cell,
Where neither gayeity nor pomp invites,
Comfort with grandeur doth not always dwell,
But oft in humble cottages delyghtes.

I boast no gylded walls, no paynted dome,
These oaks, and mistletoe, are deare to me,
My furniture is wove in Nature's loom,
My wealth is innocence and lybertie.

Come then, and muse within this calm retreat;
 (Forgetting what the world calls gay or fine)
 I envy not the splendoure of the great,
 Let *fortune be their boast—content is mine.*

AT THE ENTRANCE OF A BURIAL GROUND FOR
 NEGRO SLAVES.

STRANGER! whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread;
 Lo! these, the silent mansions of the dead!
 His life of labour o'er, the wearied slave
 Here finds, at length, soft quiet in the grave.
 View not, with proud disdain, th' unsculptur'd heap,
 Where injur'd innocence forgets to weep,
 Nor idly deem, although not here are found
 The solemn aisle and consecrated ground,
 The spot less sacred:—o'er the turf-built shrine
 Where Virtue sleeps, presides the Power Divine.
B. Edwards.

ON A SUN-DIAL, OVER A GRAVE.

No marble pomp, no monumental praise;
 My tomb this Dial—epitaph these lays;
 Pride and low mould'ring clay but ill agree;
 Death levels me to beggars, kings to me.
 Alive, instruction was my work each day;
 Dead, I persist instructions to convey—
 Here, reader, mark (perhaps now in thy prime)
 The stealing steps of never-standing time;
 Thou'lt be what I am; catch the present hour;
 Employ that well for that's within thy pow'r.

EPITAPHS.

ON A STILL-BORN CHILD.

HERE lies th' unhonour'd, nameless thing,
 That had it liv'd, had been a King :
 Full moulded by th' Eternal hand,
 For breath, for reason, for command ;
 Once, by its rank, its form design'd
 A Monarch,—an immortal mind :
 But, with some view man cannot sift,
 High Heav'n withdrew the tender gift,
 And with a ban—O! doubtless right,—
 Condemn'd him ne'er to see the light !

No sceptre fill'd his tiny hand ;
 His robe is but a swaddling-band ;
 His lowly crown—the wool-wov'n frill ;
 His reign—'tis here :—all dark and still !

O! who can tell, in wisdom school'd
 'Twere better to have liv'd and rul'd ;
 To feel th' unnumber'd anxious cares
 That press each brow the crown that wears ;
 Suspected hate, and dreaded scorn,
 That turn each jewel to a thorn ;
 While thousands round the footstool bend,
 To stand too high to have a friend ;
 To know not whom to trust ; to fear
 Each proffer'd service insincere ;
 To be the statesman's plaything made,
 To be caress'd—to be betray'd ;
 Of each substantial joy bereav'd,
 Cajol'd, hail'd, flatter'd, and deceiv'd ;

With faults—expos'd and magnified,
 With virtues—oft, too oft, denied ;—
 Perhaps, to injure, to oppress ;
 To joy in war, to spread distress ;
 To play th' unfeeling tyrant's part,
 To own the selfish, sensual heart,
 The passions all without control ;
 The giv'n—and then, the squander'd soul.
 O! woe-fraught life ! O blest release !—
 Sleep, still-born infant,—sleep in peace !

Perhaps, on holier, happier ground,
 (For who th' Eternal's pow'r shall bound ?)
 Further than furthest comets run,
 The mother yet may clasp her son,
 And say,—' Behold me, King of Heav'n ;
 ' Me, and the infant thou hast giv'n !
 ' Behold us cast before thy throne
 ' Our brighter crowns : receive thine own.'

We know not ;—but there speeds an hour
 When fades to dust terrestrial pow'r ;—
 When many a scepter'd mass of clay
 May wish he ne'er had seen the day ;—
 When pageantry, and pomp, and pride,
 Are but a garment laid aside ;—
 And but for virtue, every King,—
 Like this, a mute, unhonour'd thing.

ON LADY LYTTETTON.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
 Though meek, magnanimous ; though witty, wise,
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen :

The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
 Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
 Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
 Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

Lyttelton.

ON THE REV. MR. BEIGHTON, VICAR OF EGHAM.

NEAR half an age, with every good man's praise,
 Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days ;
 'The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor,
 Want never knock'd unheeded at his door ;
 Oft when his duty call'd, disease and pain,
 Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain !
 All moan his death, his virtues long they try'd,
 They knew not how they lov'd him till he dy'd :
 Peculiar blessings did his life attend,
 He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

Garrick.

ON MR. JAMES QUIN.

THAT tongue, which set the table in a roar,
 And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more :
 Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
 Which spoke before the tongue what Shakspeare
 writ. [forth,
 Cold are those hands which living were stretch'd

At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin! Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last.

Garrick.

ON CLAUDIUS PHILIPS, MUSICIAN.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Garrick.

ON MR. WILLIAM HOGARTH.

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art ;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If Genius fire thee, reader, stay ;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear :—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Garrick.

ON MR. JOHN MORTIMER.

O'er Angelo's proud tomb no tear was shed,
Pleas'd was each muse, for full his honours spread ;

To bear his genius to his utmost shore,
The length of human days could give no more.

Oh ! Mortimer, o'er thy untimely urn
The arts, and all the gentle muses mourn ;
And shades of English heroes gliding by,
Heave o'er thy shrine the languid hopeless sigh.
Thine all the breathing rage of bold design,
And all the poetry of painting thine.

Oh ! long had thy meridian sun to blaze,
And onward hovering in its magic rays,
What visions rose !—Fair England's patriots old,
Monarchs of proudest fame, and barons bold,
In the fir'd moments of their bravest strife,
Bursting beneath thy hand again to life !
So shone thy noon, when one dim void profound
Rush'd on, and shapeless darkness clos'd around.
Alas ! while ghosts of heroes round thy tomb
Robb'd of their hope, bewail the author's doom,
Thy friend, oh ! Mortimer, in grief sincere
Pours o'er the MAN sad memory's silent tear,
And in the fond remembrance of thy heart
Forgets the honours of thy wond'rous art.

Mickle.

ON DR. GOLDSMITH.

ADIEU, sweet Bard ! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few ;
Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds—and
these

With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt,
None gave more free—for none more deeply felt,

Sweet Bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
 Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise;
 Yes—these survive to Time's remotest day,
 While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.
 Reader! if number'd in the Muse's train,
 Go tune the lyre, and imitate his strain;
 But if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
 Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

ON MRS. MASON.

TAKE, holy Earth! all that my soul holds dear:
 Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
 To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
 Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave,
 And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:
 Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to
 charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
 And if so fair, from vanity as free;
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
 ('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once
 trod,
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids 'the pure in heart behold their God.'

Mason.

ON MISS DRUMMOND.

HERE sleeps, what once was beauty, once was
grace ;

Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd,
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shone the mirror of the mind.

Such was the maid, that, in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charm to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died !

He weeps !—Oh venerate the holy tear !
Faith lends her aid, to ease affliction's load,
The parent mourns his child upon her bier,
The christian yields an angel to his God.

Mason.

ON ELIZABETH POPE, BY HER HUSBAND.

WHILE sorrow weeps o'er virtue's sacred dust,
Our tears become us, and our grief is just ;
Such were the tears he shed, who grateful pays
This last sad tribute of his love and praise ;
Who mourns the best of wives and friends combin'd
Where female sweetness met the accomplish'd
mind,

Mourns, but not murmurs,--sighs, but not despairs,
Feels as a man, but as a Christian bears.

ON MRS. ANN BURY.

FORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear,
 That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
 Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
 And stayed thy progress to the realms of bliss.
 No more confin'd to grovelling scenes of night,
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay ;
 Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

ON TWO YOUNG CHILDREN.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care,
 The opening buds to heav'n convey'd,
 And bade them blossom there.

ON THE LADY OF THE RT. HON. J. SHELLY.

TEARS, such as Angels weep, should now diffuse,
 Around this hallow'd earth, their holiest dews,
 Where rest fair Wilhelmina's last remains :
 She for her infant bore a mother's pains,
 And died to give it life. In Beauty's bloom,
 Heav'n snatch'd its favourite to an early tomb ;
 Its gent'lest, best belov'd, who seem'd design'd
 To show how far a meek and modest mind,
 With its own simple pow'rs and native grace,
 Could mend the features of the fairest face ;
 How fix a friend's, a brother's, husband's love,
 Beyond, alas, the pow'r of Death to move !

Self-tutor'd thus, above all rules of art,
 This child of Nature play'd her blameless part,
 And sunk with that unsullied soul to rest,
 Which Heav'n first breath'd into her infant breast.

ON ALGERNON SIDNEY.

HERE Sidney lies, he whom perverted law,
 The pliant jury, and the bloody judge
 Doom'd to the traitor's death. A tyrant King
 Required, an abject country saw and shar'd
 The crime: The noble cause of Liberty
 He loved in life, and to that noble cause
 In death bore witness. But his country rose
 Like Sampson from her sleep and broke her chains,
 And proudly with her worthies she enrolled
 Her murdered Sidney's name. The voice of man
 Gives honour or destroys; but earthly power
 Gives not, nor takes away, the self applause
 Which on the scaffold suffering virtue feels,
 Nor that which God appointed its reward.

Southey.

ON DR. JENNER.

WITHIN this tomb hath found a resting place,
 The great physician of the human race:
 Immortal Jenner, whose gigantic mind
 Brought life and health to more than halfmankind.
 Let rescued Infancy his worth proclaim,
 And lisp out blessings on his honour'd name;
 And radiant Beauty drop one grateful tear,
 For beauty's truest friend lies buried here.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

O! CALLED from hence, dear child, in life's full bloom ;

Thy childless parents sorrow o'er thy tomb !
 Yet! while they mourn thy early flight from earth,
 And cherish fond remembrance of thy worth, [o'er,
 This thought still cheers—that when their toils are
 Thee shall they meet, and meet to part no more.

ON GEORGE CHARLES CANNING.

THO' short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
 Which made that shorten'd span one long disease,
 Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
 For mild, redeeming virtues, Faith and Hope ;
 Meek Resignation—pious Charity ;
 And, since this world was not the world for thee,
 Far from thy path remov'd, with partial care,
 Strife, Glory, Gain, and Pleasure's flowery snare ;
 Bade Earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
 And fix'd on Heav'n thine unreverted eye !
 Oh ! mark'd from birth, and nurtur'd for the skies !
 In youth, with more than learning's wisdom, wise !
 As sainted martyrs, patient to endure !
 Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure !
 Pure from all stain, (save that of human clay,
 Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away) !
 By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
 Mount, sinless Spirit, to thy destin'd rest !
 While I—revers'd our nature's kindlier doom—
 Pour forth a Father's sorrows on thy tomb !

Canning.

IN MEMORY OF A FEMALE SERVANT.

HERE lies the Body
 of ANN DAVIES,
 (for more than twenty years)
 Servant to WILLIAM GIFFORD.
 She died February 6, 1815,
 in the forty-third year of her age,
 of a tedious and painful malady,
 which she bore
 with exemplary patience and resignation.
 Her deeply afflicted Master
 erected this stone to her memory,
 as a faithful testimony
 of her uncommon worth,
 and of his perpetual gratitude,
 respect and affection,
 for her long and meritorious services.

Though here unknown, dear ANN thy ashes rest,
 Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,
 That traced thy course thro' many a painful year,
 And mark'd thy humble hope, thy pious fear.—
 O! when this frame, which yet, while life re-
 mained,
 Thy duteous love, with trembling hand, sustained,
 Dissolves, as soon it must, may that bless'd Pow'r
 Who beam'd on thine, illume my parting hour!
 So shall I greet thee, where no ills annoy,
 And what was sown in grief, is reap'd in joy;
 Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,
 And those are paid, whom earth could never pay.
Gifford.

ON A FAITHFUL FEMALE SERVANT.

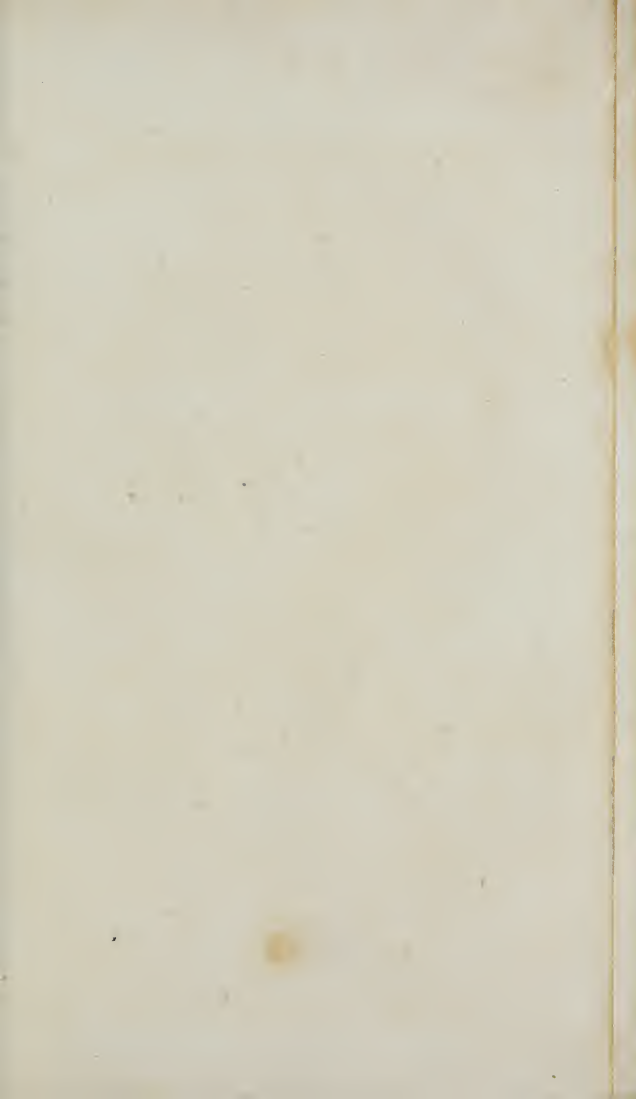
In memory
of
URSULA SWINBOURN,
Who after fulfilling her duty
In that station of life
Which her Creator had allotted her,
And by her faithful and affectionate
conduct,

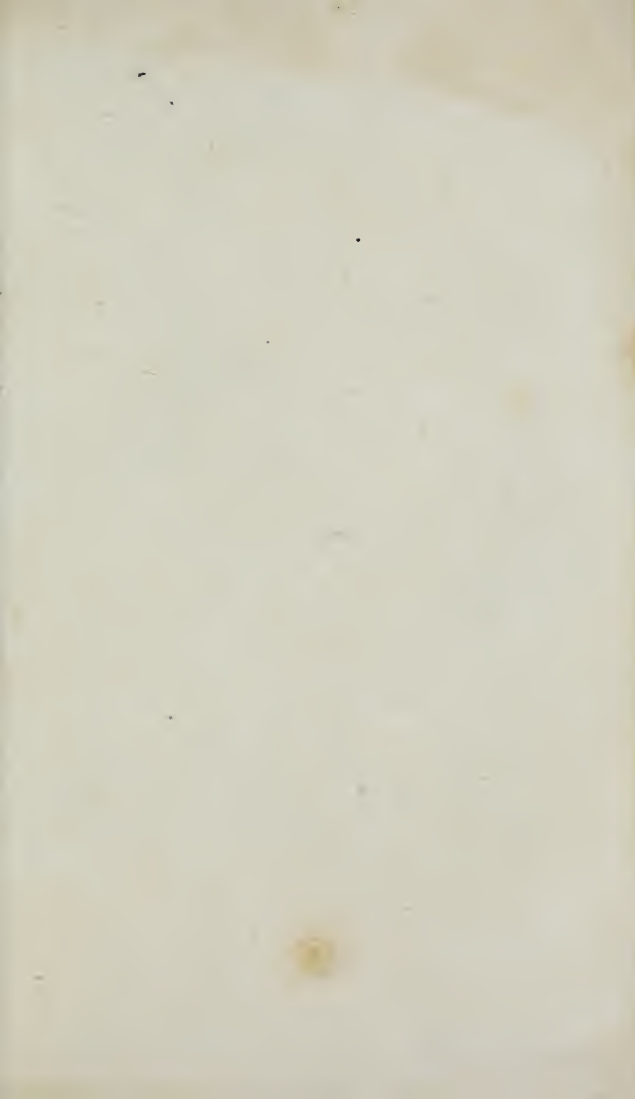
In a series of 35 years,
Rendering herself respected and beloved,
And her loss sincerely regretted,
By the family she lived with,
Departed this life
The 5th of January, 1781, aged 55.

Reader!

Let not her station in life
Prevent thy regarding her example ;
But remember,

According to the number of talents given,
Will the increase be expected.





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